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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning  
Vol. CXCVI.

## CONTENTS.

I. ASPECTS OF TENNYSON. Part II, . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . .	515
II. THE MEDIEVAL COUNTRY-HOUSE, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i> . . .	530
III. A NAMELESS HERO, . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . .	546
IV. CHRISTIAN GREECE: BIKELAS AND THE MARQUESS OF BUTE, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	552
V. WAS TENNYSON EITHER Gnostic OR AGNOSTIC? . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	561
VI. THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . .	564
VII. WINTRY WATERS, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	575

## POETRY.

LIFE'S NIGHT-WATCH, . . . .	514	THE PROMISE OF SPRING, . . . .	514
AMOR IN EXCELSIS, . . . .	514	MOTHER WEPT, . . . .	514

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## LIFE'S NIGHT-WATCH.

THROUGHOUT the night, the hot and heavy  
 night,  
 With soul wide-opened, so that it could see  
 Across the dark of its own reverie,  
 We toss from right to wrong, from wrong  
 to right.  
 We yearn to hold each moment in our  
 might  
 Ere from our restlessness it restless flee,  
 And yet would urge it with impatient plea  
 To bear us onward to the coming light.

A thousand fancies hovering to and fro,  
 Hasten the hours, and yet the dawn is slow.  
 At length she comes. Beneath her gentle  
 breath

Far-spreading peace doth lightly overflow  
 Our lessening expectancy; and so  
 We sink to briefest sleep. And that is  
 death.

Temple Bar. MAARTEN MAARTENS.

## AMOR IN EXCELSIS.

"A Belgian aeronaut recently hit upon the  
 strange idea of passing his honeymoon in a bal-  
 loon."—*The Daily Graphic*, August 26.

WHEN, my Amanda, we are wed next week,  
 We will not fly to Italy or Spain;  
 It needs both triple brass and, so to speak,  
 Quadruple gold, to cross the distant  
 main;  
 No tourist-haunted places will we seek  
 By the effete expedient of a train;  
 An ocean trip—such joys too deeply move,  
 Amanda, soar with me, and be my love!

No relatives, affectionate and proud,  
 Shall, with such unction, to ourselves  
 allude;  
 No *blasé* bachelor shall be allowed  
 To look with glance significantly rude;  
 No badly dressed and irritating crowd  
 Within our own Elysium shall intrude;  
 But we will leave this earth behind with  
 pleasure;  
 Start not; 'tis but a temporary measure.

Nay, fear not that I advocate thus soon  
 An Ibsenite joint-exit from this life;  
 'Tis but that I have chartered a balloon  
 In which ere long, when you become my  
 wife,  
 We'll visit Mars, or call upon the moon,  
 Supremely heedless of all human strife.  
 Two parachutes are thoughtfully provided  
 In case it burst, or with a star collided.

Then "come with me," Amanda, "be my  
 love,  
 And we will prove"—not that exploded  
 charm  
 Attributed to flower, and tree, and dove,  
 But scientific studies, arm in arm,  
 Barometers around us, and above  
 The safety-valve, in case we come to  
 harm.  
 It is from such aerial employment  
 That we'll derive the most sincere enjoy-  
 ment!

ANTHONY C. DEANE.

Longman's Magazine.

## THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

O DAY of God, thou bringest back  
 The singing of the birds,  
 With music for the hearts that lack,  
 More musical than words!

Thou meltest now the frozen deep  
 Where dreaming love lay bound,  
 Thou wakest life in buds asleep  
 And joy in skies that frowned.

Not yet may almond-blossoms dare  
 A wintry world to bless;  
 Still do the trees their beauty wear  
 Of glorious nakedness:

But clouds are riven with the light  
 Of old unclouded days,  
 And Love unfolds to longing sight  
 His sweet and silent ways.

Academy.

ANNIE MATHESON.

## MOTHER WEPT.

MOTHER wept, and father sighed:  
 With delight a-glow  
 Cried the lad, "To-morrow," cried,  
 "To the pit I go."

Up and down the place he sped,—  
 Greeted old and young;  
 Far and wide the tidings spread;  
 Clapt his hands and sung.

Came his cronies; some to gaze  
 Wrapt in wonder; some  
 Free with counsel; some with praise,  
 Some with envy dumb.

"May he," many a gossip cried,  
 "Be from peril kept;"  
 Father hid his face and sighed,  
 Mother turned and wept.

JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
ASPECTS OF TENNYSON.

## II.

## A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

IF in the following pages I can contribute a few touches to the portrait of Lord Tennyson which his contemporaries alone can paint, my object in writing them will be accomplished. Of Tennyson the poet his poems will remain a "monument more lasting than brass" to the remotest future. But of the man himself "in his habit as he lived" the likeness can only be portrayed by those who knew him personally, and only now, while their memory of him is fresh, and before it passes away with them into oblivion. What would the world not give for such a picture of Shakespeare by his friends as may now be made of Tennyson?

In a letter of his which lies before me he draws a distinction between personal things which may be told of a man before and after his death, and complains of the neglect of that distinction during his life. He recognized that after death a memoir of him was inevitable, and left the charge of it in its fulness to his son. What follow are but slight contributions towards any such complete biography, for only upon the few occasions which are here recorded did I make any note in writing of all Tennyson's talk heard and enjoyed for nearly thirty years.

More than thirty years ago I had the happiness of making his acquaintance. I was about to publish a little book on King Arthur, chiefly compiled from Sir Thomas Malory, and, as a stranger, had written to ask leave to dedicate it to him—a leave which was directly granted.

For some time afterwards I knew him merely by correspondence, but being in the Isle of Wight one autumn I called to thank him personally for what he had written to me, and then first saw him face to face. I found him even kinder than his letters, and from that time our acquaintance grew gradually closer until it became intimate.

Before long he asked me to become

his architect for the new house he proposed to build near Haslemere ("Aldworth" as it was finally called), and the consultations and calculations which naturally followed as to his way of living, the plans, and the cost of building, led to much business confidence. This presently extended to the field of his own business transactions with his publishers, and from these in time to confidences about his work and art; until at length he came to tell me of poems not yet in being, but contemplated, and to talk about them and show me their progress.

Then, and for many years after, under his roof or under mine, it was my great privilege to see and know him intimately; and the more he was known the more impressive were his greatness, tenderness, and truth. The simplicity, sensitiveness, freshness, and almost divine insight of a child were joined in him, as in no other man, to the dignity, sagacity, humor, and knowledge of age at its noblest. An immense sanity underlay the whole—the perfection of common sense—and over all was the perpetual glamour of supreme genius.

Affectation was so alien from him that he spoke and acted exactly as he felt and thought everywhere and about everything. This at times would perplex and bewilder strangers. The shy were frightened at it; the affected took it for affectation (for, as he was fond of saying, "every man imputes himself"), the rough for roughness, the bears for bearishness; whereas it was but simple straightforward honesty, and as such of the deepest interest to all who could watch and learn in it the ways of nature with her greatest men.

The little affectations and insincerities of life so troubled him, and his natural shyness, increased by his disabling short sight, so fought with his innate courtesy to all, that general society was always an effort and a burden to him. His fame increased the trouble, and he often told me how he wished he could have had all the money which his books had made without the notoriety. Even a single stranger was, as such and at first, always a trial to him,

and his instinctive desire was to hide as much of himself as possible from observation until he found his companion sympathetic. Then he expanded as a flower does in the sunshine, and he never hoarded or kept back any of the profuse riches and splendor of his mind. When Frederick Robertson of Brighton — the great preacher, who had written much and admirably about his poems, and for whom he had a high regard — first called upon him, "I felt," said Tennyson, "as if he had come to pluck out the heart of my mystery — so I talked to him about nothing but beer." He could not help it; it was impossible for him to wear his heart upon his sleeve.

The shortness of his sight, which was extreme, tormented him always. When he was looking at any object he seemed to be smelling it. He said that he had "never seen the two pointers of the Great Bear except as two intersecting circles, like the first proposition in Euclid," and at my first visit to him he warned me, as I left, to come up and speak to him wherever I next met him, "for if not," he said, "I shouldn't know you though I rubbed against you in the street." His hearing, on the other hand, was exceptionally keen, and he held it as a sort of compensation for his blurred sight; he could hear "the shriek of a bat," which he always said was the test of a quick ear. Its real compensation, however, was in the quickness of his mental vision, which made more out of the imperfect indications of his bodily eyes than most men with perfect sight would see. I remember his telling me (in explanation of a passage in "Maud"), "If you tread on daisies they turn up underfoot and get rosy." He could read a man through and through in a flash even from his face, and it was wonderful to hear him sum up a complex character in some single phrase. He told me that he was once travelling with an unknown person whose countenance he caught but for an instant from behind a newspaper, but whom he set down, from that flying glimpse, as a

rogue. To his surprise he turned out to be somebody of the highest local standing and repute, but he nevertheless held by his impression and in the end was justified; for presently the man fled from justice and the country, leaving hundreds ruined who had trusted him.

His judgment of men was the more terrible because so naturally charitable and tender. Seldom, if ever, did he carry beyond words his anger even with those who had gravely injured him. "I eat my heart with silent rage at —" he said one day of such a one. How different in this from Carlyle, whose open rage with mankind was so glaring! "Ha! ye don't know," he cried out to me one day, "ye don't know what d—d beasts men are." Tennyson, quite otherwise, had the tenderest thought and hope for all men individually, however much he loathed that "many-headed beast," the mob. "I feel ashamed to see misery and guilt," he said as he came out from going over Wandsworth Gaol; "I can't look it in the face." Yet he had no love for milksops. "The only fault of So-and-so," he said, "is that he has no fault at all."

It was touching to see his playfulness with children, and how he would win them from their nervousness of his big voice and rather awful presence. I have seen him hopping about on the floor like a great bird, enveloped in his big cloak and flapping hat, in a game of pursuing a little band of them until they shrieked with laughter. It reminded me of a scene in his Cambridge days which he had described to me when he, "Charles Tennyson, Spedding, and Thompson of Trinity, danced a quadrille together in the upper room of a house opposite the Bull." There was a great abundance of playfulness under the grimness of his exterior, and as to humor, that was all-pervading and flavored every day with salt. It was habitual with him, and seemed a sort of counteraction and relief to the intense solemnity of his also habitual gaze at life in its deeper aspects, which else would almost have overwhelmed him

with awe. He had a marvellous fund of good stories which he loved to recount after dinner and over his "bottle of port." In later life he gave up the port, but not the stories. He used to say there ought to be a collection of the hundred best ones in the world chosen from different countries so as to show the national diversities, and he would give illustrations of such, declaring that for true and piercing wit the French beat all the others. Could they have been reported *verbatim* as he gave them, they would have been models of English prose. More serious narratives he told thrillingly—one especially of how his own father escaped from Russia as a young man after an incautious speech about the recent murder of the emperor Paul; how he wandered for months in the Crimea, where "the wild people of the country came about him" and explained to him that twice a year only, at uncertain times, a courier passed through the place blowing a horn before him, and that then was his only chance of safety; how he lay waiting and listening through the nights until the weird sound came, and how he fared through all the hair-breadth 'scapes that followed.

He would pretend to look upon his bottle of port as a sort of counsellor to be heard sometimes before finally making up his mind upon moot-points, and after the varying moods of the day about them. For instance, he told me: "The night before I was asked to take the laureateship, which was offered to me through Prince Albert's liking for my 'In Memoriam,' I dreamed that he came to me and kissed me on the cheek. I said in my dream, 'Very kind, but very German.' In the morning the letter about the laureateship was brought to me and laid upon my bed. I thought about it through the day, but could not make up my mind whether to take it or refuse it, and at the last I wrote two letters, one accepting and one declining, and threw them on the table, and settled to decide which I would send after my dinner and bottle of port."

A notable thing was his comparative

indifference to music as a separate art; it almost seemed as if the extreme fineness of his hearing was *too* fine for the enjoyment of its usual intervals and effects and craved the subtler and multitudinous distinctions and inflections and variations of sound, which only the instrument of language can produce. Certainly I hardly ever knew him to care greatly for any "setting" of his own songs, which he justly felt had already their own music that was confused by the "setting." It is curious that Browning, whose music is so rare in his verse, was a masterly musician outside of it, while Tennyson, whose every line was music, cared so little for it except in poetry.

His way of working was much less like "work" than inspiration. "I can always write," he said, "when I see my subject, though sometimes I see three-quarters of a year without putting pen to paper." When he did "see" it, his mind dwelt on it at all times and seasons, possessing him until he possessed and perfected it. Sparkles and gleams might flash out at any moment from the anvil where his genius was beating his subject into shape, but the main creative process, where the vision was condensed into art, went on when he had shut himself up in his room with his pipe. He would do this two or three times a day—his "most valuable hour," as he often told me, being the hour after dinner—and then with his pipe in his mouth and over the fire he would weave into music what things "came to him;" for he never accounted for his poetry in any other way than that "it came." "Many thousand fine lines go up the chimney," he said to me, and indeed the mechanical toil of writing them down, made heavier by his short sight, was so great that it was easy to believe in the sublime waste—the characteristic profuseness of genius. When he came out from his room at such seasons, he would often have a sort of dazed and far-off dreamy look about him, as if seeing "beyond this ignorant present," and such as Millais alone has caught in his great portrait, where he looks like the



prophet and bard that he was. And then he might perhaps say aloud, and almost as it were to himself, some passage he had just made, but seldom twice in the same words, and, unless written down at once, the first and original form of it was often lost or "improved." This was the beginning of that process of refinement by art until absolute perfection was attained which he always carried on—the cutting and polishing of the native diamonds into complete and brilliant beauty. If interrupted during his hours of seclusion—which of course never happened except upon emergency—his look of "sensitiveness" was surprising. He seemed ready to quiver at the faintest breath, or sound, or movement, and as though suddenly waked up out of a dream.

After his hour of privacy he would often ask his friends to come to his room with him, and then would talk of present, past, and future in a way which was, in the Arab phrase, like "the opening of many gates."

Many personal things he told me at such times when alone with him, which are of course sacred from repetition; but of many other things he spoke openly to whomsoever might be there, and especially he loved to speculate freely on theological and metaphysical subjects.

He formulated once and quite deliberately his own religious creed in these words: "*There's a something that watches o'er us; and our individuality endures; that's my faith, and that's all my faith.*" This he said with such a calm emphasis that I wrote it down (with the date) exactly and at once. But he was by no means always so calm. His belief in personal immortality was passionate—I think almost the strongest passion that he had. I have heard him thunder out against an opponent of it: "If there be a God that has made the earth and put this hope and passion into us, it must foreshow the truth. If it be not true, then no God, but a mocking fiend, created us, and" (growing crimson with excite-

ment) "I'd shake my fist in his almighty face, and tell him that I cursed him! I'd sink my head to-night in a chloroformed handkerchief and have done with it all."

To one who said, "My dearest object in life, when at my best, is to leave the world, by however little, better than I found it—what is yours?" he answered: "My greatest wish is to have a clearer vision of God."

He said: "Men have generally taken God for the devil. . . . The majority of Englishmen think of him as an immeasurable clergyman in a white tie."

He inclined somewhat to the theory of a Demiurge with whom alone man comes into direct contact, saying that this was perhaps "the nearest explanation of the facts of the world which we can get;" and this he put into the mouth of the king in the "Passing of Arthur," where he cries:—

O me! for why is all around us here  
As if some lesser God had made the world,  
But had not force to shape it as he would,  
Till the High God behold it from beyond,  
And enter it and make it beautiful?

He was disposed to doubt the real existence of a material world, and frequently adduced the infinite divisibility of matter as a difficulty which made it unthinkable. He leaned to the idealism of Berkeley, and in physical science preferred the term, "centres of force" to "atoms" as not involving the idea of matter. He said to me one day: "Sometimes as I sit here alone in this great room I get carried away out of sense and body, and rapt into mere existence, till the accidental touch or movement of one of my own fingers is like a great shock and blow and brings the body back with a terrible start."

All such subjects moved him profoundly, and to an immense curiosity and interest about them. He told me that "Tears, idle tears" was written as an expression of such longings. "It is in a way like St. Paul's 'groanings which cannot be uttered.' It was written at Tintern when the woods were all yellowing with autumn seen through the ruined windows. It is

what I have always felt even from a boy, and what as a boy I called the 'passion of the past.' And it is so always with me now; it is the distance that charms me in the landscape, the picture and the past, and not the immediate to-day in which I move."

At one time he contemplated writing a metaphysical poem on "Spinoza," and talked much about it, but finally gave it up, saying he could not quite warm to it, "from Spinoza's want of belief in a God."

It was as the result of many such speculative debates with him that the idea of founding the late Metaphysical Society occurred to me.

He and the Rev. Charles Pritchard (the Savilian professor of astronomy) were both staying in our house as guests, and one morning, after breakfast and much psychological guessing and wondering, one of us said: "What a pity it is that these subjects cannot be investigated thoroughly in a scientific way and without prejudice and vehemence!" "Modern science," said Tennyson, "has surely learned this much—how to separate heat from light." "Well," I said, "if you and Mr. Pritchard will agree to join it, I will try to get together in London a society to discuss metaphysics and theology in the manner and with the method of the learned societies." They promised to become the first members, and I then proceeded to enlist others until the roll of membership was completed.

At a preliminary meeting held at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday, April 21, 1869, there were present Mr. Tennyson, Professor Pritchard, Dean Stanley, Professor Huxley, Dr. Ward, the Rev. James Martineau, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Seely, Dr. Carpenter, Mr. R. Hutton, Mr. Hinton, Mr. Roden Noel, and Mr. James Knowles (Hon. Sec.), and it was resolved

That a Society be established in London under the name of the Metaphysical and Psychological Society, to collect, arrange, and diffuse knowledge (whether objective or subjective) of mental and moral phenomena.

That the Society may undertake—

(1) To collect trustworthy observations upon such subjects as—Remarkable mental and moral phenomena, whether normal or abnormal. The relations of brain and mind, and generally of physics and metaphysics. The faculties of the lower animals, etc., etc.

(2) To receive and to discuss with absolute freedom, at meetings to be held from time to time, oral or written communications made to it on such subjects as—The comparison of the different theories respecting the ultimate grounds of belief in the objective and moral sciences. The logic of the sciences, whether physical or social. The immortality and personal identity of the soul. The existence and personality of God. The nature of conscience. The material hypothesis.

Among the original members of the society not present at the preliminary meeting were (Cardinal) Archbishop Manning, Professor Tyndall, (Lord) Arthur Russell, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Mr. Froude, Mr. Walter Bagehot, Dean Alford, Sir Alexander Grant, the Bishop of St. Davids (Thirlwall), the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and (Bishop) Alfred Barry.<sup>1</sup> At its first formal meeting a poem especially written by Tennyson, and afterwards published as "The Higher Pantheism," was read by the secretary in the absence of the author. In a note he sent me with it, Tennyson said: "I am not coming up for your meeting—i.e., I believe so to-day—and your request that you may read the poem at that meeting abashes me. If you are to read it, it ought to be stated surely that I have but ceded to your strongly expressed desire. Hutton can have a copy of it if he choose; but an I had known that such as he wanted it, I would have looked at it again before I let it go."

<sup>1</sup> To these were afterwards added Father Dalgairns, (Sir) Geo. Grove, Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Shadworth Hodgson, the Rev. Mark Pattison, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Robert Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), John Ruskin, Sir M. E. Grant Duff, W. E. Greg, A. C. Fraser, Sir Henry Acland, Prof. Mozley, the Archbishop of York (Thompson), the Bishop of Peterborough (Magee), Prof. Croom Robertson, Prof. Sylvester, Sir James Stephen, J. Bucknill, Sir Andrew Clark, Prof. W. K. Clifford, Prof. St. George Mivart, Lord Selborne, Leslie Stephen, Fred. Pollock, etc.

He did not often come to the meetings, and when he did so spoke but little. But he read with avidity all its transactions and discussed the subjects of them privately with endless interest. His reverence for Dr. Martineau was extreme, and he frequently declared that he was "by far the greatest among us."

A frequent subject of his talk in the evenings, or in the long afternoon walks which were his habit, was, as might be expected, poetry and the poets. His acquaintance with all previous poetry was unlimited, and his memory of it amazing. He would quote again and again with complete delight the passages which were his favorites, stopping and calling upon his hearer to consider the beauty of this or that line, and repeating it to admire it the more.

His reading was always in a grand, deep, measured voice, and was rather intoning on a few notes than speaking. It was like a sort of musical thunder, far off or near—loud-rolling or "sweet and low"—according to the subject, and once heard could never be forgotten.

It made no difference whence a fine line or passage came; it struck him equally with pleasure, when he heard or came across it, whether it were another man's or his own. He would pause in precisely the same way to call out "That's magnificent," "What a line!" "Isn't that splendid?" whether reading Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, or himself. He was struck by the beauty of the art without thinking for one moment of the artist. The shallow-pated, hearing him thus apostrophize his own work, which they may have begged him to read to them, might think in their vain hearts "How vain!" But vanity had no more to do with it than they had; he was thinking solely of the subject and the music, and only cried out to his hearers for the sake of an echo to his own absorbing pleasure.

He often insisted that the grandest music in the English language was in Milton, and especially in the first book of "Paradise Lost," and he would repeatedly chant out with the deepest

admiration, as the finest of all, the passage:—

Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound to Lebanon allured  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded; the love-tale  
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,  
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries  
Of alienated Judah.

As a single line he said he knew hardly any to exceed for charm

Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams,  
unless it were Wordsworth's great line  
in Tintern Abbey:—

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.

"Poetry," he would say at such times, "is a great deal truer than fact."

His own poetry, he declared, was easy enough to read aloud, if people would only read it just as it was written and not try to scan it or to force the accent. Some few passages, he admitted, however, were difficult, such as that in "Maud" beginning

O, that 'twere possible,

but this because "it ought to be read all through without taking breath;" the "bugle song" in the "Princess" was another.

The first thing I ever heard him read was his "Boadicea," for I said "I never can tell how to scan it." "Read it like prose," he said, "just as it is written, and it will come all right." And then, as if to confute himself, he began it, and in his weird and deep intoning, which was as unlike ordinary prose as possible, sang the terrible war song, until the little attic at Farringford melted out of sight and one saw the far-off fields of early Britain, thronged with the maddened warriors of the maddened queen, and heard the clashing of the brands upon the shields, and the cries which

Roar'd as when the rolling breakers boom  
and blanch on the precipices.

The image of some ancient bard rose up before one as he might have sung the story by the watch-fires of an army the day before a battle. It was perhaps from some such association of ideas that his name among his intimates became "The Bard" — a way of recognizing in one word and in ordinary talk his mingled characters of singer, poet, and prophet.

When building Aldworth he desired to have, whenever the room was finally decorated, the following names of his six favorite poets carved and painted on the six stone shields which I had designed as part of the chimney-piece in his study, and in front of which he always sat and smoked — namely, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Wordsworth, Dante, and Goethe.

He used to say "Keats, if he had lived, would have been the greatest of all of us;" he considered Goethe "the greatest artist of the nineteenth century, and Scott its greatest man of letters;" and he said of Swinburne, "He's a tube through which all things blow into music." He said "Wordsworth would have been much finer if he had written much less," and he told Browning in my presence that "if he got rid of two-thirds, the remaining third would be much finer." After saying that, and when Browning had left us, he enlarged on the imperative necessity of restraint in art. "It is necessary to respect the limits," he said; "an artist is one who recognizes bounds to his work as a necessity, and does not overflow illimitably to all extent about a matter. I soon found that if I meant to make any mark at all it must be by shortness, for all the men before me had been so diffuse, and all the big things had been done. To get the workmanship as nearly perfect as possible is the best chance for going down the stream of time. A small vessel on fine lines is likely to float further than a great raft."

Once, as we stood looking at Aldworth just after its completion, he turned to me and said, "You will live longer than I shall. That house will

last five hundred years." I answered him, "I think the English language will last longer."

Another frequent subject of his talk was the criticism on his own work, *when unfavorable*. All the mass of eulogy he took comparatively little notice of, but he never could forget an unfriendly word, even from the most obscure and insignificant and unknown quarter. He was hurt by it as a sensitive child might be hurt by the cross look of a passing stranger; or rather as a supersensitive skin is hurt by the sting of an invisible midge. He knew it was a weakness in him, and could be laughed out of it for a time, but it soon returned upon him, and had given him from his early youth exaggerated vexation. When remonstrated with for the Hogarth's perspective he thus made, he would grimly smile and say, "Oh yes, I know. I'm black-blooded like all the Tennysons — I remember everything that has been said against me, and forget all the rest." It was his temperament, and showed itself in other matters besides criticism. For instance, the last time I went with him to the oculist, he was most heartily reassured about his eyes by the great expert after a careful and detailed inspection. But as we left the door he turned to me and said with utter gloom, "No man shall persuade me that I'm not going blind." Few things were more delightful than to help chase away such clouds and see and feel the sunshine come out again, responsive to the call of cheerfulness. To one who had so cheered him he said: "You certainly are a jolly good fellow, you do encourage me so much." And at another time: "I'm very glad to have known you. It has been a sort of lift in my life." The clouds would gather on him most in the solitude of the country, and he often told me it was needful for him to come from time to time to London to rub the rust from off him. It must be added that so soon as ever the rust was rubbed off he hastened to be back among the woods and hills.

HIS prose, though never treated with the careful art he lavished on his poems, was as musical and as lucid by nature, and with the same incommunicable quality of distinction about it which made all his utterances, whether in poetry or prose, more lofty than any other man's. By good fortune I am able to give an example of it, which came about in this way. While he was considering and completing the cycle of his "Idylls," he would often talk them over in detail to see how their treatment would "come," making, as it were, preliminary sketches before deciding to paint them as pictures. I suggested that he should dictate the scheme of one of them to me as a trial of that way of working. He liked the idea, and gave out what follows, *ore rotundo*, and with scarce any pause. It finally took shape as the idyll of "Balin and Balan," but the unpremeditated prose form of it seems in some ways even more beautiful.

"THE DOLOROUS STROKE.

"There came a rumor to the king of two knights who sat beside a fountain near Camelot, and had challenged every knight that passed and overthrown them. These things were told the king, and early one morning the spirit of his youth returned upon him, and he armed himself, and rode out till he came to the fountain, and there sat two knights, Balin and Balan; and the fountain bubbled out among hart's tongue and lady-fern, and on one side of the fountain sat Balan, and on the other side sat Balin, and on the right of Balan was a poplar-tree, and on the left of Balin was an alder-tree, and the horse of Balan was tied to the poplar tree, and the horse of Balin to the alder-tree. And Arthur said, 'Fair sirs, what do ye here?' And they said, 'We sit here for the sake of glory, and we be better knights than any of those in Arthur's hall, and that have we proven, for we have overthrown every knight that came forth against us.' And Arthur said, 'I am of his hall; see, therefore, whether me also ye can overthrow.' And Arthur lightly smote

either of them down, and returned, and no man knew it.

"Then that same day he sent for Balan and Balin, and when they were brought before him he asked them, saying, 'Answer ye me this question: who be ye?' And Balin said, 'I am Balin the savage, and that name was given to me, seeing that once in mine anger I smote with my gauntlet an unarmed man in thy hall and slew him, whereupon thou didst banish me for three years from thy court as one unworthy of being of thy table.

"But I yearn for the light of thy presence, and the three years are nigh fulfilled, and I have repented me of the deed that was unknighly; and so it seemed to me that if I sat by yon fountain and challenged and overthrew every knight that passed thou wouldst receive me again into thy favor. And this is my brother Balan, not yet a knight of thine.'

"Which when the king heard and saw that he had indeed repented him, he received him again and made his brother Balan knight. And the new knight demanded the first quest. And there came one into Arthur's hall, and Balan rode away with him.

"And as Balin moved about the court he marvelled at the knightliness and the manhood of Sir Lancelot, and at the worship he ever gave the queen, and the honor in which the queen held him. Then he thought within himself, 'Surely it is this queen's grace and nobleness which have made him such a name among men, wherefore I too will worship the queen as I may. And I will forget my former violences and will live anew, and I will pray the king to grant me to bear some cognizance of the queen in the stead of mine own shield.'

"And Arthur said, 'Ask thou my queen what token she will give thee, and wear thou that.' And he was bold, and asked for the queen's crown to wear upon his shield, and that he would amend himself, under the lustre thereof, of his old violence. So she turned her to the king and smiled and asked him, and the king said 'Yea, so



that thereby he may be holpen to amend himself.' And Balin said, 'The sight hereof shall evermore be bit and rein to all my savage heats.' Then Balin ever hovered about Lancelot and the queen, so that he might espy in what things stood truest knight-hood and courtesy towards women. Anon he came to wonder how so great a tenderness of love might be between two such as were not lover and damosel, but ever thrust away from him such thought as a shadow from his own old life. Yet he grew somewhat gloomy of heart and presently took his shield and arms and rode privily away to seek adventure.

"So, many days, he traversed the thick forests, till he came upon the ancient castle of King Pelles, and there they said to him, 'Why wearest thou this crown royal on thy shield?' and he answered them 'Because the noblest and the chastest of all ladies hath granted me to wear it.' So at the high banquet in the hall sat one Sir Garlon, who likewise said, 'Why wearest thou a queen's crown royal?' Unto him Sir Balin made the same answer. Whereat Sir Garlon grimly smiled and said, 'Art thou so simple, and hast yet come but now, as thou sayest, from the court? Hast thou not eyes, or at the least ears, and dost not know the thing that standeth (shame that groweth) between Lancelot and the queen?' To which Sir Balin fiercely answered, 'Yea surely, because I have both eyes and ears and because I have diligently used them to learn how he, the greatest of all knights, doth gain his valor from the noblest of all ladies, I know that such a thing as this thou sayest is but a foul thing and a felon's talk.' But none the less Sir Garlon's talk made him full heavy and gloomy of heart, so that he wandered to and fro among the churls, and there heard marvellous tales. For they told him that Sir Garlon rode invisible and had wounded unto death many strong and good knights, striking them through the back, and they warned him to beware of Sir Garlon.

"Also they told him how that King Pelles was the true descendant of Jo-

seph of Arimathea, and also how in hidden chambers of the castle lay wondrous treasures from the days of our Lord Christ—even the spear which ever bled since Longus smote our Lord withal, and many more such marvels, till Sir Balin doubted him whether he could believe aught that they told him of Sir Garlon or aught else. But on the morrow when Sir Garlon met him by the castle walls and mocked him, saying, 'Still then thou wearest that shameful token—that crown scandalous,' then did Sir Balin's old nature break through its new crust, and he smote him on the helmet with his sword. But though he overthrew and left him lying, yet his sword was broken into diverse pieces, so that he cast the handle from him, and ran hastily to find some other weapon. For by now he saw men running upon him from the castle, and thought but to flee and to fight for his life. And as he fled he saw within a loophole window where a stack of spears lay piled, and burst the door and caught the tallest of them all, and, crying to his war-horse, leapt upon him and departed. And as he went he heard the voice of King Pelles to his knights: 'Stay, stay him; he defileth holy things beyond his wit to know of.' But being hot and fleet with madness he plunged far into the woods, and drew no rein until his horse was nigh to dying. Then did he spy his golden crown and bemoaned himself, saying, 'Alas that I should so soon turn as a dog to his vomit! Alas! for now were I but wounded with the bleeding spear itself, and of a wound that should forever bleed, I could be none too wounded for my deserts.'

"So there as he lay bitter of heart he turned the shield away from him, not bearing to look upon it, and hung it to a bough hard by, and there it glistened in the sun the while he turned the other way and raged, and felt that he would dwell a savage man forevermore within the woods.

"But anon came through the woods a damsel riding on a palfrey, and but a single squire attending. And when she saw the shield she stayed her horse and

called her squire to search for him who owned it, for she marvelled to see Queen Guinevere's crown thereon.

"Then when she had found Sir Balin she demanded straightway that he should help her through the woods, for that she was journeying to King Mark of Cornwall, and her good knight had met some misadventure and had left her with none but this squire. 'And I know thee for a worshipful man and one from Arthur's hall, for I see by this cognizance that thou art from the court.' Then did Sir Balin redden and say, 'Ask me not of it, for I have shamed it. Alas! that so great a queen's name, which high Sir Lancelot hath lifted up, and been lifted up by, should through me and my villany come to disgrace!' Thereon the damsel, looking keenly at him, laughed, and when he asked her why, laughed long and loud, and cried that little shame could he do to the queen or Lancelot either which they had not themselves already done themselves.

"And when he stood as Lot's wife stood, salt-petrified, and stared at her, she cried again, 'Sir Knight, ye need not gaze thus at me as if I were a rede of fables and a teller of false tales. Now let me tell thee how I saw myself Sir Lancelot and the queen within a bower at Camelot but twelve months since and heard her say "O sir, my lord Sir Lancelot, for thou indeed art my true lord, and none other save by the law."' "

"But when he heard her thus, his evil spirit leapt upon him and tare him and drove him mad, and then he cried with a great yell, and dragged the shield from off the tree, and then and there he cast it to the ground, drave his mailed foot through the midst of it, and split the royal crown in twain, and cast the two halves far from him among the long weeds of the wood. Then at that cry came Balan riding through the forest, and when he saw the broken shield and crown lie on the earth he spurred his horse and said, 'Sir Knight, keep well thyself, for here is one shall overthrow thee for the despite thou hast done the queen!' At that Sir Balin,

for he knew not that it was Sir Balan, seeing that his newly granted shield had yet no bearing, called to the squire to lend him his shield, and, catching up the spear he gat from Pelles' castle, ran his horse fiercely to meet Sir Balan. And so sore was their onset that either overthrew the other to the earth; but Balin's spear smote through Sir Balan's shield and made the first mark it had ever borne, and through the rent it pierced to Balan's side and thrust him through with deadly wounds, wherefrom the blood streamed and could not be stayed until he fainted with the loss of blood; and Balin's horse rolled on him as he fell, and wounded him so sorely that he swooned with agony.

"But when they thus lay the damsel and her squire unlaced their helms and gave them air, and presently when they came to themselves they gazed as men gone newly wild upon each other, and with a mighty cry they either swooned away again, and so lay swooning for an hour. Then did the damsel wait and watch to see how this might end, and withdrew herself behind the leaves.

"Anon Sir Balin opened first his eyes, and then with groanings which he could not hide for pain he slowly crawled to whither his brother lay. And then did he put from off his brother's face his hair, and leaned and kissed him, and left his face beblooded from his lips, for by now his life began to flow away from his hidden inner wounds.

"Then presently thereafter Balan woke up also from his swoon, and when he saw his brother so hang over him he flung his arm about his neck and drew his face again down to him and said lowly in his ear, 'Alas, alas, mine own dear brother, that I should thus have given thee thy death! But wherefore hadst thou no shield, and wherefore was it rent asunder and defiled? O brother! for it grieveth me more than death to see this thing.' Then did Sir Balin tell him all that Sir Garlon and afterwards the damsel had told him of the queen, and when Sir Balan heard it he moaned greatly and cried out that Garlon was a felon knight, well known

about these marches for his evil deeds and lies, and the damsel he well believed, if she were going to King Mark, was as bad as he. 'Perchance Sir Garlon,' said he, 'was the very knight she said had left her; and would I could find her or her squire,' he said, 'for even dead man as I am I fain would now abolish her lest she work more evil than this dolorous stroke she hath caused betwixt us two.'

"When the damsel heard them thus speak, she feared for her life lest the wounded knight might be recovered and might find her, and stealthily she sped away to King Mark and after to Arthur's court, and there she told how she had overheard from Knights of Arthur's Table scandal beyond all disproof about Sir Lancelot and the queen. And thus in truth the Dolorous Stroke was struck, which first shook to its base the stately order of the Table Round.

"Then when the damsel left them came the Lady of the Lake and found Sir Balin and Sir Balan at their last breaths, and caused them to be solemnly buried, and sang above them an high song."

As a specimen of his more familiar prose, I select from a pile of his letters the following extract:—

"I got to the station a full quarter of an hour before the time, but the whole place was 'fourmillante.' I never saw such confusion before at any terminus, here or abroad. I stood and bawled ineffectually for porters till at last I took my portmanteau in hand and flung it into the truck of one of them, and told him to label 'Lymington,' which he promised to do; then I rushed to the ticket office, where I waited among the multitude, and only got my ticket after the time was up; ran out again, the whole platform seething and buzzing; could not find my luggage; at the very last saw it being wheeled trainward at the bottom of a heap of boxes; asked whether it was labelled 'Lymington;' bewildered porter knew nothing about it; train began to move. I caught hold of an open door, and was

pulled in by two passengers. When I came to Brockenhurst no luggage for me; guard intimated that he had noticed such a portmanteau as the one I described labelled 'Southampton Junction;' accordingly I telegraphed up the line; then took an open boat and steered under the moon (previously warning my two boatmen that I couldn't see an inch before my nose) to Yarmouth; thence took a fly, and home about ten; and this morning sent a cart from Farringford to meet the earliest boat, and recovered my luggage at last. You see, not only the Easter holiday-makers made the train double its ordinary length, but the Prince and Princess of Wales, with all their footmen and family, came along with us, and made confusion worse confounded."

FROM time to time and bit by bit he read over to me almost all his poems, commenting on them as he read, and pausing to dictate a few words here and there for me to take down from his lips. The following are extracts from the notes so dictated by him.

As to the "Poems by two Brothers," he said: "It was really by three brothers, for Frederic as well as Charles and myself wrote some of them—a very few—and would not acknowledge any, or allow his name as one of the brothers. The booksellers gave 15*l.* in money and 5*l.* worth of books, but the copyright was invalid, the authors being under age. This was tested afterwards when the successor to the original publisher wanted to republish, saying he could make 12,000*l.* The three brothers bound themselves to each other never to reveal who wrote this or that. None of the authors had ever been beyond their native county, and hardly beyond their native town. There were twenty-six misprints, but the publisher would not make a longer list of errata" than the seven which appear.

Of the "Idylls of the King"<sup>1</sup> he

<sup>1</sup> He bound up with one of the editions of the collected Idylls a letter which I sent to the *Spectator* on these poems, and he wrote to me: "Your

said: "When I was twenty-four I meant to write a whole great poem on it, and began it in the 'Morte d'Arthur.' I said I should do it in twenty years; but the review stopped me. . . . By King Arthur I always meant the soul, and by the Round Table the passions and capacities of a man. There is no grander subject in the world than King Arthur."

When reading "In Memoriam" he said: "It is rather the cry of the whole human race than mine. In the poem altogether private grief swells out into thought of, and hope for, the whole world. It begins with a funeral and ends with a marriage—begins with death and ends in promise of a new life—a sort of divine comedy, cheerful at the close. It is a very impersonal poem as well as personal. There is more about myself in 'Ulysses,' which was written under the sense of loss and that all had gone by, but that still life

must be fought out to the end. It was more written with the feeling of his loss upon me than many poems in 'In Memoriam.' . . . It's too hopeful, this poem, more than I am myself. . . . The general way of its being written was so queer that if there were a blank space I would put in a poem. . . . I think of adding another to it, a speculative one, bringing out the thoughts of the 'Higher Pantheism,' and showing that all the arguments are about as good on one side as the other, and thus throw man back more on the primitive impulses and feelings."

He explained that there were nine natural groups or divisions in the poem, as follows: from Stanza I. to Stanza VIII.; from IX. to XX.; from XX. to XXVII.; from XXVIII. to XLIX.; from L. to LVIII.; from LIX. to LXXI.; from LXXII. to XCVIII.; from XCIX. to CIII.; from CIV. to CXXXI.

On Stanza XXXV., Verse 3, he said:—

The moanings of the homeless sea,  
The sound of streams that swift or slow  
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow  
The dust of continents to be.

The vastness of the future—the enormity of the ages to come after your little life would act against that love.

On Stanza XL., Verse 5:—

And, doubtless, unto thee is given  
A life that bears immortal fruit  
In such great offices as suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven.

I hate that—I should not write so now—  
I'd almost rather sacrifice a meaning than  
let two s's come together.

On Stanza XLVI., Verses 3 and 4:—

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd;  
The fruitful hours of still increase;  
Days order'd in a wealthy peace,  
And those five years, its richest field.

of our acquaintanceship

O Love, thy province were not large,  
A bounded field, nor stretching far;  
Look also, Love, a brooding star,  
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

(Only five years!) then

As if Lord of the whole life.

letter to the *Spectator* is the best, and indeed might be called the only true, critique of the Idylls. It is very succinctly and cleanly written, and I liked

it so much that I sent it by the Dean of Westminster" (Stanley), "who was here the other day, to the queen with the Idylls."

On Stanza XLVII., Verse 4 :—

Upon the last and sharpest height,  
Before the spirits fade away,  
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,  
"Farewell ! We lose ourselves in light."

into the Universal Spirit—but at least one  
last parting ! and always would want it  
again—of course.

On Stanza LIII. :—

LIII.

How many a father have I seen,  
A sober man, among his boys,  
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,  
Who wears his manhood hale and green :

And dare we to this fancy give,  
That had the wild oat not been sown,  
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown  
The grain by which a man may live ?

Oh, if we held the doctrine sound  
For life outliving heats of youth,  
Yet who would preach it as a truth  
To those that eddy round and round ?

Hold thou the good : define it well :  
For fear divine Philosophy  
Should push beyond her mark and be  
Procure to the Lords of Hell.

There's a passionate heat of nature in a  
rake sometimes—the nature that yields  
emotionally may come straighter than a  
prig's.

Yet don't you be making excuses for this  
kind of thing—it's unsafe. You must set  
a rule before youth.

There's need of rule to men also—though  
no particular one that I know of—it may  
be arbitrary.

On Stanza LXI., Verse 3 :—

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,  
Where thy first form was made a man ;  
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can  
The soul of Shakespeare love thee more

Perhaps he might—if he were a greater  
soul.

On Stanza LXIX., Verses 3, 4, and  
5 :—

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns  
From youth and babe and hoary hairs :  
They call'd me in the public squares  
The fool that wears a crown of thorns :  
They call'd me fool, they call'd me child :  
I found an angel of the night ;  
The voice was low, the look was bright ;  
He look'd upon my crown and smiled :

I tried to make my grief into a crown of  
these poems—but it is not to be taken too  
closely. To write verses about sorrow,  
grief, and death is to wear a crown of  
thorns which ought to be put by, as people  
say.

The divine Thing in the gloom.

He reach'd the glory of a hand,  
That seem'd to touch it into leaf :  
The voice was not the voice of grief,  
The words were hard to understand.

On Stanza LXXXVI. :—

LXXXVI.

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,  
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom  
Of evening over brake and bloom  
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

This is one I like too.



The round of space, and rapt below  
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,  
And shadowing down the horned flood  
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh  
The full new life that feeds thy breath  
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and  
Death,  
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas  
On leagues of odor streaming far,  
To where in yonder orient star  
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

On Stanza LXXXVII., Verse 6 : —

Where once we held debate, a band  
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
And labor, and the changing mart,  
And all the framework of the land.

On Stanza XCIV., Verse 3 : —

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
Imaginations calm and fair,  
The memory like a cloudless air,  
The conscience as a sea at rest.

On Stanza XCV., Verse 9 : —

So word by word, and line by line,  
The dead man touch'd me from the past,  
And all at once it seem'd at last  
The living soul was flash'd on mine.

In Stanza CIII., Verses 1, 2, 4, 7, 9,  
12 : —

On that last night before we went  
From out the doors where I was bred,  
I dream'd a vision of the dead,  
Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,  
And maidens with me : distant hills  
From hidden summits fed with rills  
A river sliding by the wall.

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,  
The shape of him I loved, and love  
Forever : then flew in a dove  
And brought a summons from the sea.

And still as vaster grew the shore,  
And roll'd the floods in grander space,  
The maidens gather'd strength and grace  
And presence, lordlier than before.

The west wind — written at Bournemouth.

Imagination — the fancy — no particular fancy.

The west wind rolling to the Eastern seas  
till it meets the evening star.

The "Water Club," because there was no wine. They used to make speeches — I never did.

I figure myself in this rather.

The living soul — perchance of the Deity. The first reading was "His living soul was flash'd on mine" — but my conscience was troubled by "his." I've often had a strange feeling of being wound and wrapped in the Great Soul.

The dead man.

All the human powers and talents that do not pass with life but go along with it. The high — the divine — the origin of life. Life.

Eternity.

The great progress of the age as well as the opening of another world.

As one would sing the death of war,  
And one would chant the history  
Of that great race, which is to be,  
And one the shaping of a star.

All the great hopes of science and men.

Whereas those maidens with one mind  
Bewail'd their lot ; I did them wrong :  
"We served thee here," they said, "so  
long,  
And wilt thou leave us now behind?"

He was wrong to drop his earthly hopes  
and powers—they will be still of use to  
him.

In Stanza CXXII., Verse 1:—

O, wast thou with me, dearest, then,  
While I rose up against my doom,  
And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,  
To bare the eternal Heavens again.

Of grief.

If anybody thinks I ever called him "dearest" in his life they are much mistaken, for I never even called him "dear."

When reading "Maud," he said:—  
"It should be called 'Maud, or the Madness.' It is slightly akin to 'Hamlet.' No other poem (a monotone with plenty of change and no weariness) has been made into a drama where successive phases of passion in one person take the place of successive persons. . . . The whole of the stanzas where he is mad in Bedlam, from 'Dead, long dead,' to 'Deeper, ever so little deeper,' were written in twenty minutes, and some mad doctor wrote to me that nothing since Shakespeare has been so good for madness as this."

At the end of "Maud" he declared, "I've always said that 'Maud' and 'Guinevere,' were the finest things I've written." But want of space compels me to forego further quotations.

It is impossible to attempt, however slightly, any sketch of Tennyson "in his habit as he lived," without one brief and reverent word of reference to his domestic life and to her who was in every sense and way the half of it.

Not only did she take from off his shoulders all the burden of the details

of existence and bear it on her own, but she was, besides, his continual counsellor, critic, sympathizer, and friend in all his art and work. No marvel that he constantly exclaimed, "My wife is the most wonderful woman in the world."

His gratitude was profound, though mixed sometimes with pain at the devotion and laborious self-sacrifice which he vainly tried to moderate, and which undermined her strength and health.

"She has overwrought herself," he wrote to me, "with the multifarious correspondence of many years, and is now suffering for it. I trust that with perfect quiet she will recover; but it will never again do for her to insist upon answering every idle fellow who writes to me. I always prayed her not to do so, but she did not like the unanswered (she used to say) to feel wroth and unsatisfied with me."

To his wife's perpetual and brooding love and care of him, and afterwards to his son's equal and measureless devotion, the world owes, under Providence, many years of Tennyson's prolonged life and many of his immortal poems.

JAMES KNOWLES.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE MEDIÆVAL COUNTRY-HOUSE.

## I.

ONE of my friends, by race a Persian, a native of the Russian Caucasus, calls on me sometimes on his homesick days, and talks about the castle he has left at home. It is a great, strong castle, with stone towers and wooden balconies, and a vast hall within where the lord sits in state by the cavernous hearth and listens to the wandering minstrels who sing long ballads to their instruments. Not only singers come there, but itinerant pedlars, the acrobats of the fair, pilgrims to some distant shrine, travellers of many sorts who bring to the high-perched castle views of the outer world. If the lord should wish to see that world at closer quarters, in the nearest city he has his "hostel" in some wealthy burgher's house, and thither sometimes he repairs during the dead weeks of the winter. But with the first bud or sprout on the topmost sprig, he is back in the castle. For now the real life of the noble begins—the season of the chase! My lord is more or less of a scholar, and in the winter time he fingers amorously his rare collection of illuminated manuscripts (we possess one, for which his nephew offers us a village in Karabag!), brought together at an infinite expense and trouble. But how far he prefers the summer morning, when, hawk in hand, the noble hunters troop forth on their gay caparisoned horses to chase eagle or heron on the mountain heights! Deep down in the dungeon underground perchance some penitent wonders if the spring will ever come—for there are dungeons still in the castles of Karabag, though the lords have no longer right of life and death. Here the nobles live a merry life, united among themselves and seeing few who are not of their order, save the emperor's hated tax-collector or the Jew doctor who comes upon his rounds, an infinite number of little powders sewn into the sash about his waist. Who knows, if we could be spirited to Karabag, but we should find there the Middle Ages, in flesh and blood alive!

Who knows? Yet we who wish to visit the mediæval country-house, we will take a humbler way. We will mount pillion behind some solid, clerky person: Maistre Jehan Froissart or Maistre Eustache Deschamps, sure of his road and garrulous about his masters. Thus we will jog along, gossiping, from place to place, alighting here and there at some stately castle, where the lord, like that Count of Foix who sent for Froissart from his inn, "*est le seigneur du monde qui plus volontiers voit estrangers pour ouyr nouvelles*;" or we will turn in at some pleasant manor, such as that manor of Cachant, dear to Master Eustace, where there are gardens sweet with rose, gladiolus, and mint—where there are meadows, vineyards, and "a noble willow wood," with baths of all kinds to refresh the weary traveller: "*bains et estuves et le ruissel courant*."

If the countryside afford a good granite rock surmounting a hill or mound of any height, that situation has generally been chosen for the castle, encircled by its protecting precipice. But in central France at all events, such sites are few; and, contrasted with the German or Italian fortress on the hill, we find more frequently the manor "emmy estangs," so often sung of old poets—the castle built like Rochester, or Melun on the brink or island of a river, isolated by moats and defended by encircling towers. Such was, for example, the Castle of Bièvre, commended by Deschamps in his 454th ballad.

*La place est forte et de noble cloison.  
Emmy l'estang où le donjon se lance  
Trois tours y a de pierre et de moellon.*

Each tower is three stories high, and each stands well in advance of the castle wall, the entry defended by a "puissant pont-levis." By the fourteenth century, the castles were no longer built with a sole view to refuge and defence; the nobles no longer dwelt there as a last resort in war time, living in the guard-room with their garrison, and directing the defence amid the treasure. The castles of that time of transition were very habitable palaces;

and Master Eustace passes from the military architecture to belaud the "noble aqueduct," which carried water into the interior of the castle, the rich device of the halls and chambers, the excellent *vicarium*, the well-stocked preserves of game, the baths, the gardens, the rowing-boats, the shady park. "'Tis," he finishes, "the pleasantest house I know — *pour demourer la nouvelle saison*."

This is not the strain in which a thirteenth-century minstrel would have sung the praise of Coucy — the castle has become a country-house. The great square tower, flanked with turrets at the angles, which has succeeded to the round tower of defence, is spacious enough for luxurious habitation. Every story contains a large hall, a moderate-sized room and a smaller one, beside the four cabinets in the corner turrets. Generally, the gallery, the chapel, the dining-hall, and the lord's private room or "retrait" occupied the first story; above came my lady's chamber, her tiring-room, her oratory, and the "garde-robe," where her dresses lay folded in spice and lavender, and where her maidens sewed by day and slept by night. The upper stories were occupied by the children and by the guests; and the castle was crowned by several tiers of "machicoulis," or crenellated battlements, pierced by loopholes and communicating by a "chemin de ronde."

The ground floor was still dark and difficult of access, lighted only by a few rare lancet-windows, and given over to store-rooms, bathrooms, ice-houses, and such-like uses. It communicated, by means of trap-doors, with the cellars and dungeons underneath. Philippe de Vigneulles, in his chronicle, has left us an unforgettable account of his imprisonment, well on in the fifteenth century, in a dungeon of this kind. There were no kitchens within the house, for the cooking was done in a round, high-roofed building, like a baptistry; in an outer court, near the servants' quarters; but sometimes the sick-chambers were situate on this dark, quiet, unfrequented ground floor, which preserved the tradition of its inaccessibility by the

absence of any entrance on a level with the ground. A broad double flight of marble steps led from the court to the portal on the first floor. In any London suburb we still see modest villas thus entered by a flight of steps raised above a high basement, all unconscious of their direct descent from the keep of the twelfth century, entered only by a ladder reared against the front, or by knotted ropes let down from the first-floor window! By the fourteenth century the *Perron* of the country-house was, however, an object of great architectural dignity. It generally opened into a long gallery or *loggia*, occupying all one side of the keep; a sort of first-floor cloister, with clustered ogival windows looking on the court below. Here the squires and dames used to loiter, "regardant bas en la cour les joueurs de paume jouer." Half the action of the novel of John of Saintré passes "ès galleries;" and no portion of the castle is more frequently cited by early poets. The Count of Foix received Master Jehan Froissart as he was walking after dinner in his gallery. In fact, the chief use of these *loggia*, *loges*, or *laube*, appears to have been as a promenade or loitering-place when it was too hot or too wet to meet in the orchard just beyond the walls. A very beautiful gallery of the Middle Ages is still preserved in the castle of Wartburg.

In the larger castles this gallery or *loggia* was sometimes distinct from the keep. Together with the great dining-hall ("sänger saal" or "mandement") where the lord sat in justice and received his guests, it formed a lower church-like building, in style much like an Oxford chapel, placed beside the keep and less strongly fortified. These separate halls were only used in time of peace. They were already well known in the thirteenth century, for in the palace of Percival —

La sale fu devant la tour  
Et les loges devant la sale,

and we read in the "*Lai de Laustic*:" —

Prochaines eurent leurs maisons  
Et leurs sales et leurs donjons.

But for all that the sole square tower

with its corner turrets remains, even in the fourteenth century, the type of the castle keep. The château of Vincennes, built by Charles V., is an admirable example of the kind.

## II.

It was not easy to enter the castle keep, encircled by a strongly fortified enclosure, isolated by moat or precipice, and defended by outworks of palisading, protected by a barbican and several smaller towers. Having run the gauntlet of all this, having passed down the narrow, winding path between the palisades, the visitor arrived at the moat, and blew a horn hung there for the purpose. After parley with porter and watchman, the drawbridge was let down; and after further parley, perchance, the great gate swung back on its hinges, and the stranger found himself in a long, hollow archway, defended by a series of portcullises, with a perforated roof, through which boiling pitch, molten lead, Greek fire, or simple scalding water could be poured down from an upper chamber. In time of peace, however, he passes easily through the gate into a vast courtyard enclosed by huge battlemented walls or towers; a courtyard that is almost a village, and contains the church, the knights' quarters, the squires' house, the lodgings for pages and servants, the barracks, the cottages of the artisans and laborers on the estate, the bakehouse, the kitchen, the walled and gated fish-pond, the fountain, the washing-place, the stables, the barns, etc. A second gate, a second portcullis, leads to a second smaller court, where—huge, swart, and sombre—towers the keep. It is immense, it is impregnable, and always opposite the weakest point of the defence, with a postern of its own leading to the orchard, and a subterranean way into the open country. Those who have admired the black majesty of Loches will admit the grandeur of the mediæval keep.

Built against the castle's outer wall, looking from its upper windows across the open country, the keep sometimes has pleasant views. An island castle,

defended by a wide expanse of water, or lifted high above the plain upon a granite needle, could afford the luxury of light and air, could indulge in large windows, grouped three or four together in a space of dead wall, on which they make a lacework of pointed arch and separating columns. But the huge, moated castle of the plain was less fortunate. The windows were rare, narrow, far apart. The walls, ten feet thick, made a deep and dark recess for the long lancet holes, more often closed with oiled and painted linen than with glass, and placed very high for the sake of safety. Sometimes they were as much as five feet above the floor. A few years ago in Florence, at the Palazzo Alessandri, I remember seeing windows of this sort, high-perched recesses, the size and shape of an operabox, reached by a staircase cut in the stone of the wall. On the granite window-benches heap embroidered cushions, lay a Saracen carpet on the floor; and set in this narrow shrine some fair young woman, lily-slender in her tight, brocaded gown. She is playing chess with a squire still younger than herself. Or perhaps she is alone, singing to her lute some ballad of the Round Table:—

La reine chante doucement,  
La voix accorde à l'estument,  
Les mains sont belles, li laiz bons,  
Douce la voix et bas li tons.

## III.

EVEN nobles of some pretensions used in their daily life little more than the great hall of justice, where the movable trestle-tables were brought in at dinner-time, the gallery which answers to our modern drawing-room, the chapel, the chamber, and the garde-robe, where the young maids-of-honor learned to embroider amid their waiting-women.

These halls and chambers were furnished with some splendor. The walls were no longer ornamented with the mere stencil pattern in white and yellow ochre, which sufficed for the princely keep of Coucy. There is a frieze painted with knights and goddesses, with "*Vénus la Dieuësse d'Amour*,"



or else adorned in fresco or mosaic by "generations of Christians and Saracens painted in battle," such as the Seigneur de Caumont admired on the walls of Mazières.<sup>1</sup> Lower down the walls were often wainscotted like that

Rice sale à lambres  
Et d'or musique peinturée  
Et de fin or tout listée,

where Percival found the Damosel. If the walls were left bare, they were furnished just below the frieze with an iron rod, whence depended tapestry hangings. Every castle possessed several sets for each apartment, and the noble on his travels had at least one set of chamber-hangings strapped among his baggage. Nothing was easier than to suspend these stuffs, already provided with their hooks, to the rod prepared to hold them. "One thousand hooks for tapestry" is a common item in fourteenth-century accounts.<sup>2</sup>

The hangings were of plain serge, of worked silk, cloth of gold, or "tapisserie de haute lisse," according to the wealth of the noble or the splendor of the occasion they adorned. In times of mourning the hangings were all black. Such a "chamber," consisting of wall-hangings, bed-furniture, chair-coverings, cushions, etc., in striped serge, with cord and fringe to match, was supplied to the Lady de la Trémoille in 1396, at a cost of fifty-nine livres. As the appearance of the hall could be changed at an hour's notice in preparation for mourning or festivities, even the greatest castles had plainer hangings for common use. King Charles V. possessed no less than sixty-four "chambers," or complete sets of hangings, in silk, velvet, cloth of silver, leather, embroidery, etc.<sup>3</sup> When Valentine Visconti, Duchess of Orleans, prepared to leave Paris in 1408, a few months after her husband's murder, she caused her chamberlain to draw up a list of her furniture, which still exists

in the Bibliothèque Nationale. This document (pathetically marked by faded crosses against the names of those objects which Valentine desired to carry with her to Touraine) enumerates more than sixty sets of hangings. Some of the designs appear astonishingly modern, and indicate a complete mastery of the human figure on the part of the designers. As few persons, we believe, have had the privilege of reading this unpublished manuscript, communicated to us by Comte Albert de Circourt, we proceed to quote a few of the more interesting descriptions:—

2. Bed-furniture of green; the baldaquin is worked with a design of angels; the long curtain depending from the tester behind the pillows represents shepherds and shepherdesses feasting on cherries and walnuts; the counterpane, a shepherd and a shepherdess within a park; the whole embroidered with gold thread and with colored wools. Item, wall hangings to match. Item, curtains for the walls, without gold, and three smaller curtains of green serge.

3. Item, a "chamber" <sup>4</sup> in gold, silk, and wool, with a device of little children on a river bank, with birds flying overhead. There are three hangings to match, bed-furniture and sofa-cover. The counterpane is embroidered with a group of children, their heads meeting in the middle. Item, three other hangings, with a cherry-tree, and a dame and a squire gathering cherries in a basket—which go with the aforesaid chamber-hangings to make up (*pour fournir*).

4. Item, another "chamber," of a brownish green, *sans* gold, with a lady holding a harp; and there are six hangings to match, with bed-furniture, and a quilt for the couch.

17. Item, a great tapestry, with the history of the destruction of Troy the Great.

Item, two wall hangings, with the victories of Theseus.

Item, a green velvet cover for a couch, and a long cushion covered with green velvet, and two chair cushions, also of green velvet.

19. Item, a white "chamber," sown with gladiolus; bed-furniture, quilt for couch, and four rugs.

20. Item, a set of green tapestries de

<sup>1</sup> Voyage du Seigneur de Caumont, quoted by Viollet-le-Duc, *op. cit.* t. v., p. 83.

<sup>2</sup> See, for instance, Douët d'Arcq, *Comptes de l'Hotel des Rois de France*.

<sup>3</sup> Labarte, *Mobilier de Charles V.*

<sup>4</sup> The "chamber" generally consisted of bed-curtains, a baldaquin, counterpane and covering for the couch or sofa, hangings for the wall, doors, and windows, cushions for the benches and chairs.

haute lisse, with the Fountain of Youth and several personages ; with bed-hangings, counterpanes, sofa-covers, and six wall-hangings, all worked with gold, without guards (linen coverings).

Item, a "chamber," representing a lady playing with a knight at the game of chess.

Item, a set of hangings of cloth of gold, including bed-curtains, counterpane, and two large cushions.

These tapestries must have been as marvellous as those exquisite rose-grey hangings which still adorn the upper gallery of the Musée Cluny. The smaller curtains were stretched over screens of wicker, or served to drape the great roofed and cushioned settle near the fire, while cloths of gold and silver curtained the throne-like *faldestuill* reserved for the master of the house. Mats of plaited rushes were laid in winter on the floors under the delicate rugs of wool, imitated from the industry of the East ; but in summer a strew of fresh rushes, mint, and *gladiolus*, that flower so dear to mediæval eyes, covered the pavement with cool fragrance, while a bough of some green tree or flowering bush filled the hearth.<sup>1</sup> Great soft cushions, "*carreaux*" or "*couettes*," were placed, sometimes on the chairs and benches, sometimes on the floor itself, according to their size. They served, like the *tabourets* of Saint Simon, for people of lesser dignity, seated on occasions of ceremony, in presence of their lord. There were also *bankers*, or stuffed backless benches placed against the wall ; *dossiers*, a sort of short sofa with a back and cushions ; and armchairs provided with *pavillons*, or tester and curtains to keep off the draughts. There were always carpets in rich halls or chambers ; long, narrow ones in front of the bankers and the settle, and larger thicker "*tapis velus*" in the middle of the room. Rugs of embroidered Hungarian leather, and skins of leopard or tiger were laid upon the hearth.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Knight of La Tour makes a mock of certain eccentric "Gallois" who strew their floors and deck their hearths, in winter, "*comme en été*," with herbs and holly (p. 242).

<sup>2</sup> Labarte, *Mobilier de Charles V.*

## IV.

ALL these cushions, curtains, carpets, did not suffice to keep the cold from the great deep halls of our forerunners. A shiver runs through the literature of the age.

Telz froid y fait en yver que c'est raige ! says Eustache Deschamps in his 805th Ballad, describing the Castle of Compiègne. Even in the house one must arm oneself with good furry hose, furred pourpoints, warm, fur-lined cloaks and hoods. In winter, men and women alike wore a long tunic of fur, sewn between two pieces of stuff, underneath their outer garments. But to be slender was the ideal, the supreme elegance of the later Middle Ages. In vain the Knight of La Tour warns his daughters of the fate of sundry very comely maidens, who, wishing to appear in their true slimness before their lovers, discarded their furred tunics despite the blast of winter, and turned the young men's hearts against them by the chicken-flesh of their cheeks and the blueness of their noses ! In vain he draws a salutary picture of lovers, at last united, dying of cold in the arms of one another, victims of the too chilly elegance of their figures ! The furred tunic was all very well for gouty Master Eustace and the elderly knight ; young beauties and trim gallants often preferred the risk of mortal illness, and let them grumble.

Sy est cy bon exemple comment l'en ne se doit mie si lingement ne sy joliettement vestir, pour soy greslir et faire le beau corps en temps d'yver, que l'on en perde sa manière et sa couleur.<sup>3</sup>

"Do not be shaved," goes on Master Eustace, who must decidedly have been an ill-dressed, slovenly old poet, "neither have your hair cut, nor take a bath this bitter weather." The young people might reply that the "*Roman de la Rose*" prescribes the hot bath as a sovereign remedy against winter. The bathroom, with its warm pipes, its great wooden tubs with the carved gilt garlands round them, its lounges for cool-

<sup>3</sup> Le Livre du Chevalier de La Tour Landry.

ing, its little tables spread with a dainty supper, still preserved a *souvenir* of Roman luxury. People used to bathe in company, sometimes men and women together (as we still do at the seaside), their heads beautifully dressed and adorned with flowers, their bodies hidden up to the neck in their great, cask-like baths, where the water was often thickened with scented bran or strewn with a dust of salutary herbs.

Quand viendrait la froide saison,  
sings Maistre Jehan de Meung : —

Quand l'air verroient forenez  
Et jeter pierres et tempestes  
Que tuassent ès champs les bestes  
Et grands fleuves prendre et glacer . . .

On feroient chaudes estuves  
S'y pourroient tuit nuz deuorier  
Se baignant entr'eus èz caves.

In a German poem, "Der nakte Bote," quoted by Herr Alwin Schulz, a messenger arrives at a distant castle, and proceeds, as was the custom, to strip and take a bath after his dusty journey before presenting himself before the lord of the castle. What was his surprise on opening the door of the bathroom to behold my lord, my lady, and all their olive branches disporting themselves in steaming tubs! It was, they explained, the only way they could keep themselves from freezing.

Master Eustace prefers a warm chamber, "nattée sus et jus," with all the windows shut, a fur-lined dressing-gown, a bowl of old Beane : —

Le chaud civet et bonne espicerie.

Contest of youth and age! But which, Master Eustace, would be better for your gout?

V.

THE hearth none the less was deep and ample. Sometimes several fire-places, grouped together on a raised dais, occupied all the upper end of the hall with their blazing hearths and shadowy overmantels. A magnificent example still exists at Bourges. In houses of less pretension the hall could boast but one chimney, but that at least was vast. A whole tree could be laid

across the gigantic fire-dogs, whence the great blaze radiated warmth and light into the church-like frigidty of the hall. Those who know the Salle de Garde at Langeais, with its beautiful chimney-piece representing the crenelated chemin-de-ronde, carved with mimic soldiers and watchers stooping over the battlements to look at the blaze below, will agree that few objects are more stately than the monumental fourteenth-century fireplace. If the heat did not penetrate very far, if the humbler fry in the lower hall were grateful for their furs — under the huge overmantel, where the curtained settles stood, there was a cosy ingle-nook for the master of the house, his wife, his children, his guests, his chief retainers.

In houses that could not boast a resident physician, a master of requests, a staff of notaries and secretaries, there was, at least, invariably, a chaplain. Immediately below the reverend clerk came the seneschal, who was constable, governor, or simple steward, according to the standing of the castle. When no separate dispenser was employed the seneschal was dispenser, master of the household, and governor of the pages. Next to him came the butler; the chamberlain, to whom were entrusted the jewels, art treasures, and furniture of the castle; the marshal, or master of the horse, and the head falconer. All these were persons of importance, to be treated with a certain ceremony; they were frequently of noble blood; they accompanied their master on many of his journeys, and were rather his ministers than his servants. Next to them in order of rank stood the housekeeper or governess, often a beguine or Tertiary nun, who supervised the ordering of the house, engaged and controlled the servants, and governed the young girls of noble family serving in the castle as maids of honor. Under her came a swarm of chambermaids and housemaids, cooks and tailors, page-boys and varlets. Let us not forget from the list of our retainers that person of consideration, the fool; the ancestor of the modern diner-out. Fools and dwarfs were not to be found under

every noble roof. The smaller country-houses were sometimes condemned to a distressing sanity, and depended for their amusement on wandering minstrels and the acrobats of the fair.

We have not counted in our list the knights and squires of the castle, nor yet the garrison with its captain, nor the artisans and laborers on the estate. For the moment we are occupied merely with the interior of the keep. And the chief thing that strikes us in it is the abundance of young people—the troops of boys and girls.

## VI.

EVERY castle was in fact a school—a seminary of polite education. From the king to the pettiest baron every noble received at his court the children of his principal vassals; and thus every noble child was educated to the standard of the sphere immediately above his own. In their homes, from the age of seven, boys and girls alike had learned to spell, to ride, to know that they were Christians. At twelve they were generally sent to court. Here they learned, above all, the duties and behavior of gentlepeople.

Great care was taken that they should be well-bred, chivalrous, courteous, neatly clad, and clean. Along with this, the boys learned to fence, shoot, fight with sword and shield, joust, play quintaine, tennis, palm-play, chess, draughts, and tric-trac. They were taught to ride, climb, leap, swim, and to perform all these feats in heavy armor and handicapped by difficult conditions. In a word, they were trained to amuse themselves, to exert themselves, and to endure. The "*Livre des Faiz de Jean Bouciquant*" shows the great stress laid upon physical education; but it also shows that physical education was not all. Boys who would grow into knights, and pass through many courts and countries, had to learn several languages. French of a sort was taught in all European countries—often, no doubt, it was of the kind of Stratford-atte-Bowe—for French then, as now, was the Volapük of the polite. And some lads then, as now, acquired

a little Greek and Latin; but so much learning was rarely encouraged save in the future Churchmen. All noble children, boys and girls, learned to read and write, though frequently in after life the warrior's remembrance of these arts was no more precise than the knowledge our average squire possesses of the Homer he used to parse at school. The women kept up their accomplishments; most noble women of all countries could read, play some musical instrument, embroider, speak a little French, bind a wound, and tend a fever, if comparatively few could wield the pen.

At twelve years old the page was sent to court. Here he was to finish his education, to win, if possible, his suzerain's favor, and to lay the beginnings of his fortune. But at first he saw little of his lord. He was entirely under the control of the seneschal, the chamberlain, and the first equerry, for, as the name denotes, the young squire's quarters were situate in the *écuries*. After a few years' apprenticeship his opportunity might come. A chance might make him page-messenger, and so he might earn the confidence of his master. He might, by his good manners and courtesy, awaken the attention of some noble dame. He might even accompany his suzerain to some superior court, attract the notice of the over-lord, and be adopted to that higher sphere. Thus the little Jehan de Saintré, a young lad in the household of his father's suzerain in Touraine, was taken by that gallant knight to Paris, where the king took a fancy to the child, "*tellement que il le voulut avoir en sa cour à estre son paige pour après lui chevaucher et au sourplus servir en salle comme ses aultres paiges et enfans d'honneur.*" But the natural course of things was for the lad to remain a page among his fellow-pages till the age of fifteen or sixteen, when he was ripe for the office of messenger or carver at the lord's table. These offices entailed squireship. In this state he remained until about the age of twenty, when, generally on the occasion of some princely wedding, some outbreak

of war, some tournament, or other great occasion, he was dubbed knight, and set out on his adventures.

While all these lads from twelve to twenty were fencing, riding, or playing palm-play in the court, their sisters were employed in my lady's company. They seldom came together with the men of the castle save on holidays and feast days. Other whiles they spent their time in my lady's chamber or tiring-room, or walked with her in the country, for it was held unseemly that ladies of noble birth should be met walking alone. They were, in fact, much in the position of "girls still in the schoolroom" in a modern country-house. They learned their lessons with their governess, practised their lute, went to church every morning, embroidered chasubles and altar-cloths, and worked wonderful hangings for the cold stone walls. And there were from seventy to a hundred yards of needlework in a set of hangings! They could also spin fine silk and linen, and ornament with needlework their feast-day veils and dresses. (The less interesting forms of sewing were left to the army of tire-women and waiting-women who attended on the noble maidens and their lady.) They all knew how to ride and fly a hawk, to make wreaths and posies, to sing, to play, to beguile the long hours with chess, tric-trac, draughts, and the youngest of them began to deal and shuffle the new invented "naypes," or "naibi" — the first playing-cards. They could pluck or brew virtuous simples, bind a broken limb, or nurse a fever. They could amuse the convalescent with endless tales of the Round Table, with the legends of Charlemagne, and with lives of the saints no less interesting and romantic. Most of them could read aloud some novel of Cleomades or Mélusine. They must, I think, have been blithe, charming, capable companions in the long winter of a lonely country-house. On the whole, with its constant undercurrent of chivalry and religion, theirs was an education which left its women delightful, tender of heart, and generous, if, alas! with little moral

strength to resist the more seductive errors of the heart.

VII.

FROM December till the end of March, life in the castle was perforce an idle one. War was rarely made in winter; there were no tourneys in the bitter weather, too cold for combatant or spectator; and in heavy snow time there was perforce a truce to hunting of the more vigorous kind. It would have been extravagant to rise before candle-light, so that it was after seven when knights and ladies left their curtained beds, washed their hands and face in rose-water, heard the mass, and took their morning broth. Dinner, which in the summer was sometimes as early as nine, was sometimes put as late as noon. And after dinner there was the siesta — the apparently inevitable siesta, sensible enough in summer heats after a morning already seven or eight hours old, but inexplicable during the best part of a winter's day. Still, in all the novels and chronicles of the fourteenth century I am bound to admit that, at all seasons of the year, after the principal meal, both men and women retire to sleep for at least a couple of hours. It is true the meal was long and heavy, highly spiced, and not conducive to post-prandial energy. Still, in our visions of mediæval heroes we cannot, without an effort, imagine Charlemagne Homerically nodding every day after dinner, despite the assurance of Philippe Mouskes "that he always undressed himself and slept for two hours after the midday meal, holding the practice for a very wholesome one."<sup>1</sup> We do not conjure up Knight Percival and his companions sleeping all the afternoon. Yet

après le disner  
Se couchèrent . . . à dormir  
Jusqu'al vespre sans nul espir.

Endroit vespre sont reveillé  
Le souper ont appareillié.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Après mengier al miédi, et lors tout nuz il se couçoit, dormir deux heures, puis levoit." Philippe Mouskes: *Chronique*.

<sup>2</sup> Quoted by Herr Alwin Schultz, *op. cit.*, i. 362.



Joinville mentions, as the most natural thing in the world, that St. Louis went to bed every day after the midday dinner until vespers; while the child Jehan de Saintré, Damp Abbez, the Dame des Belles Cousines, Pero Niño, the Dame de Sérifontaines, the Lady of Fayel, the Chastelain de Coucy, all the brood of fourteenth-century heroes and heroines, follow, in this respect, the example of their elders.

Between three and four o'clock our dames and knights aroused themselves, took a slender meal of bread dipped in wine, or hypocras and preserved fruits, and then set out to vespers. We still are faithful to the afternoon tea, but we have dropped the daily church service. After vespers the winter evening had closed in, the fourteenth-century evening ill-lit by flaring torches. It was fortunate if pedlar or pilgrim, minstrel or acrobat, knocked at the castle gate and demanded hospitality. Otherwise, despite the well-worn *facétie* of Master Hausselicoq, the fool, the evening was apt to prove a trifle long.

The accounts of fourteenth-century barons abound in mention of minstrels, acrobats, "jouers d'espertise," "jouers de la corde," "chanteurs et chanteresses," and all the motley crew.<sup>1</sup> Every castle was glad to extend its hospitality to wayfarers of every kind, for they brought news and amusement, and renewed the worn-out stock of gossip. Two little pictures of people of this sort occur to me as I am writing. One is a sketch of the Welsh or Breton harper, from the poem of Renart. When Renart, disguised as a jongleur, offered to sing to Isengrin his lays of the Round Table, he put on a strange jargon, and proceeded to tell his story in almost unintelligible French.

"Je fot saver bon lai Breton  
Et di Merlin et di Foucon  
Del Roi Artu et de Tristan  
Del Chievrefoil, et Saint Brandan." . . .  
"Et sais-tu le Lai Dan Iset?" . . .  
"Ya-la!" dit il. "Godistouët!" (God is to wit?)

Wrapped in their weather-beaten

mantle, shaggy, ridiculous, singing much as sings Hans Breitmann to-day, it is thus (according to M. Joseph Bédier<sup>2</sup>) that we must picture the minstrels who sang of Tristan and Yseult. Probably they used their strange, absurd prose merely as a medium to explain the story to their hearers in much such a *chante-fable* as "Aucassin et Nicolette," while they sang their lyrics in their Celtic tongue to the music of their harps. And if the voice is sweet, after all, the language is of little consequence.

Our other tiny idyl is drawn from the arrival of the pedlar at the castle of the Lady of Fayel. That hapless and guilty lady, desirous at all risks to meet her noble lover, bids the Chastelain de Coucy don the pedlar's garb in order to approach her. He puts on rough laced boots and a coat of coarse cloth, on his head a torn and battered hat, a stick in his hand, a pack upon his back. He comes to the castle and undoes his wares:—

car mercier  
Porte en tous lieux son panier  
Et en salles et en maisons  
S'ebate en toutes saisons.

The lady and her maidens stand round and pick and choose, praise this, bargain for that, choose and discard in true feminine fashion.

Ont maintes choses barguigné  
Et li aucuns ont acheté  
Ce que leur vint à volonté.

But when the pack is strapped again, the pedlar murmurs that it is late. "And it rains!" cries the Dame de Fayel. So the packman stays all night at the castle, and my lady finds means to get speech with her lover.

In the summer, when there were tourneys and weddings and other festivities in the country-side, not only packmen passed and minstrels, but acrobats, conjurers who swallowed knives and lighted candles, keepers of learned pigs and clever dogs, owners of puppet shows, dancers and jongleurs in plenty. They travelled from place to place,

<sup>1</sup> See, for instance, the "Comptes de la Trémoille," and the "Comptes de l'Hotel des Rois."

<sup>2</sup> Les Lais de France, par J. Bédier: *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 October, 1891.

lodging in the castle or the village inn, always welcome guests in the monotony of country life. But all these were rarer birds in winter. Then the long days were passed in chess-playing and tric-trac; heavy bets were laid and taken, and in the cumber of their idleness many a knight was ruined out of sheer ennui.

Gambling was the curse of the noble, as it has always been the curse of every class trained to win and to desire, but with scant outlet for its energies. The knights in winter gambled pretty nearly all day long. We remember how the servitor of Milun, entering a castle in the morning, finds in the great hall two knights playing chess, so absorbed that they do not see him. "When Easter comes," say the knights to Milun, "we will recommence our tournaments," but until Easter there is no rival to their games of chance, except the eternal game of love. Chess was the baccarat, the poker of the Middle Ages. In vain the king forbade it in 1369, in 1393, and both before and after, with every game of hazard. But who was to enter the snowed-up country castle to tell tales of knights and ladies playing the forbidden game? The women were almost as bad as the men. "Never play chess, save for love," says the Knight de la Tour to his daughters; "ne soyez jamais grant jouaresses de tables." And he proceeds to tell them melancholy tales of land, of money, and of women's honor spent over the too enticing board. But alas, good knight, the days are ill to pass in winter time!

#### VIII.

So there was great joy when the trees began to redden:—

Betweene Mersh and Averil  
When spray beginth to spring.

The poets of the Middle Ages, all intoxicated with May-dew, did but express the hearts of their whole generation. The long, dull months, shut in cold and ill-lit, draughty houses, with, for nourishment, the same eternal salt meat and ship-board food, were now delightfully overpast. The voice of the stock-dove

was heard in the land, and the almond-boughs began to blossom in the orchard. Spring meant a free life out of doors in the sunlight; spring meant the hunt, delicious days spent in the fresh, green wood in healthy sport that made the pulses beat. Spring meant the game-bag full; a varied table spread in bower or garden. Spring meant a hundred little intimate festivities waking to mirth the numerous young people of every fourteenth-century castle. Sometimes the whole company go out to hunt for several days in the forest, knights and ladies, pages, maidens, carrying with them tents, provisions. The girls wash their hands and faces in the dew of flowers to get a good complexion, as they still used to do in Warwickshire when I was a little child. Every hunter has a horn to sound if he gets lost in the forest. How they laugh over all the little hardships and adventures of the picnic! In one old poem—old even in the days of Valentine Visconti—the knights have forgotten their towels and have to dry their faces on the ladies' skirts.<sup>1</sup>

Generally these great hunts were made with hounds, and the game was deer or bear, wild boar, hare, or otter. But the most fashionable sport was hawking. Every castle had its knight-falconer, a great person with onerous duties. The royal falconer was paid as much as twenty-four sols a day—three times the daily due of the physician; and a valet falconer was given three sols *per diem*—a very respectable salary.<sup>2</sup> But he was not paid for doing nothing; the hawk was hard to catch, and when caught difficult to train. Night and day the falconer, with the bird, hooded and fasting, on his hand, must pace up and down, up and down, like a mother with her teething child. When at last the bird was fit for use, perched lightly on his lady's wrist, or soaring after swan, pheasant, or wild duck through the upper air, he was one of the most precious and beautiful pos-

<sup>1</sup> Guillaume de Dole. Quoted by Herr Alwin Schultz, t. I., p. 470.

<sup>2</sup> Douët d'Arc, Comptes de l'Hotel du Roy Charles V.

sessions of a noble. The best esteemed was the Irish or Norwegian ger-falcon. What pet name was more endearing than that of the "Gay Goshawk"? His clear eye, a pure grey, neither greenish nor bluish, is the inevitable standard to which the mediæval lover compares his lady's glance — falcon-keen, falcon-swift, falcon-bright, and grey as the hawk's eye. In the evening, invigorated rather than fatigued by the long day in the forest, knights and ladies would fall to dancing. The country neighbors would come for miles; even the burghers of the richest sort were now and then invited. "*Il est accoustumé en esté de veiller à dances jusqu'au jour,*" writes the Knight of La Tour, but he condemns the practice, being past his youth, and asserts that strange things happen when some band of practical jokers contrives to extinguish all the lights. Let us hope that such accidents did not frequently occur, and that the knight's three daughters were not kept at home too often "*pour le péril de mauvaises langues.*"

## IX.

It would be pleasant to spend a day or two in some fourteenth-century country-house during the early summer. Let us attach ourselves to the suite of a certain Spanish *hidalgo*, Don Pero Niño, a noble adventurer, who, landing at Harfleur in 1405, went to visit Renaud de Trie, admiral of France, at his country seat of Sérifontaines. Don Pero Niño, fresh as we to France, sets forth, by means of his gifted secretary and chronicler, all the details of that memorable visit. We remember no page in Froissart at once so fresh and so precise.

The Admiral de Trie was an aged knight, ill in health. In his day he has been a famous fighter, but in 1405, broken down by many battles, he lived retired on his estate in Normandy.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Le Victorial, Chronique de Don Pedro Niño, Comte de Buelna, par Gutierre Díaz de Gomez, son Alférez, 1379-1449. Traduit de l'Espagnol d'après le manuscrit, avec une introduction et des notes, par Comte Alfred de Circourt et le Comte de Puy-maigre.*

There dwelt he in great comfort in a castle, strong, although situate in a plain, and furnished as well as it had been in Paris. He had about him young gentlemen in pageship, and all kind of servitors, as befits so great a lord.

In his house there was a great chapel, where Mass was said every morning to the sound of trumpets and divers instruments played by his minstrels in a way that was a marvel. Before the house a river flowed; orchards and gracious gardens bordered it. On the other side of the castle was a pond for fish, enclosed by walls, and guarded by gates well locked; whence, every day, the steward might furnish food for three hundred persons. . . . There was a pack of fifty hounds and twenty horses kept for the service of the lord of the castle. There were plenty of falcons-gentle. There was all that heart can wish for hunting — the otter, the roe, the wild boar, small game, or water-fowl.

The old knight had a young wife, "the fairest lady that was at that time in France." She was a woman of great sense and order, and, as was in those days the custom, she was almost entirely responsible for the management of her husband's estates.

All things were arranged or decided by my lady. She alone governed everything both within and without. My lord the Admiral was a rich man, lord of many lands; but he had to take thought for none of these things, my lady being sufficient unto all.

My lady had her noble lodging apart from the mansion of her lord. They dwelt within the selfsame moat, but divided the one from the other by a drawbridge. It would be long to set forth the number and the magnificence of the furniture that there was in this lodging. Here lived my lady, surrounded by ten maids of honor, very richly clad and accounted all of them, who had nought to do save keep their lady company, for beneath them there were many waiting-women.

Now will I tell you the rule and order of my lady's life. Of a morning, so soon as she was dressed, forth she went with her damsels to a spring hard by, where each one told her rosary, and read her book of "Hours" in silent prayer, sitting a little apart from her fellows. Next, plucking

flowers and violets upon their way, they hied them home to the palace, and gathered in the chapel, where they heard a low Mass. As they came out of church their servants handed them a silver tray, furnished with larks, chickens, and other roast fowl, of which they took or left what they would, and drank a little wine. My lady ate but rarely of a morning, or trifled with some morsel to humor those about her. Their fast broken, lady and damsels mounted their noble hackneys, and then, met in company with such knights and squires as were of their party, they went riding through the lanes and open country for some while, weaving garlands of flowers as they went. Then might you hear such singing, by voices well-tuned and timed together, of virelays, lays, rondeaux, songs, complaints, ballads, and other verses, such as the French know feathly how to finish, that, I declare you, could it last forever, you would have thought yourself in Paradise.

With this company rode the captain Pero Niño, the origin of all this festival. With them at dinner-time he rode home to the castle, dismounted, and strode into the hall where the portable trestle-tables had been already spread. The admiral could no longer ride afield, but he welcomed home his guests with a marvellous good grace. My lady and Pero Niño were placed at the admiral's table, while the seneschal presided over the other, and saw that every damsel sat between a squire and a knight. There were meats of all manner in great number and marvellous well cooked. During the meal whosoever knew how to speak with courtesy and measure of arms and love was sure to find a hearing and an answer. Meanwhile the jongleurs made low music on divers instruments. Dinner over, grace was said, the tables removed, and then the minstrels came; my lady danced with Pero Niño and every damsel with her squire. This dance lasted an hour; when it was over, my lady gave the kiss of peace to Pero Niño, and every lady to her cavalier. Then wine and spices were handed round, and all alike dispersed to their siesta. Pero Niño, happy knight, had his lodging in my lady's tower.

Later in the afternoon the horses

were brought round, and the pages stood ready bearing falcons; a huntsman had already tracked the heron's course;—

Then would you have seen a noble sport and fair amusement, with swimming of hounds, beating of drums, whirring and wheeling of falcons, with knights and ladies riding along the river bank as many as you can imagine them. That sport ended, my lady and her company would seat themselves to rest in some green meadow, while the pages unpacked cold fowl and game, and divers fruit. All eat and drank, twining garlands. Then, singing glees and songs, they returned to the castle.

Supper came at nightfall if it were winter time. In summer the meal was earlier, and afterwards my lady would set off on foot to wander up and down the country-side till dark, while some would accompany her, and some would stay to play at bowls. Then the torches flared in the great hall, the minstrels gathered in, and there was dancing until far into the night. And this is the order which was followed every day, according to the seasons and the quality of the guests, whenever there was holiday at Sérifontanes. But now, 'tis late! Hand round the wine and spices, and to bed!

X.

DURING these long days, when my lady danced, sang, and rode with Pero Niño, she and he discovered that the admiral was old. "En tout honneur," they fell in love with one another. Like the woman of order that she was, instead of keeping Pero Niño as her lover, Madame de Trie sent him to her father, to see if he would do for her second husband, while she stayed at Sérifontanes and nursed the admiral. The father apparently consented, for we hear that they "*se tinrent pour amoureux*." Meanwhile the admiral died. My lady and Don Pero exchanged keepsakes, and he promised to return to France and marry her at the expiry of her mourning. But having met in Spain a certain Doña Beátriz, he married her instead; and perhaps

in later years, Madame de Trie thought kindlier of the good old admiral.

Neither the knights nor the ladies of these old chronicles surprise us by the delicacy of their heart. With the "Roman de la Rose," the still unpurified passions of those ages held that

Nous sommes faiz, beau filz, sans doutes,  
Toutes pour tous et tous pour toutes.

Adultery is as common in their chronicles as it has always been in fiction — and perhaps in fact. And when the lovers are tired of each other, it is difficult to veil the case less kindly than the Dame des Belles-Cousines, in her behavior to Jehan de Saintré, or the Chastelain de Coucy when he punishes the Lady of Vermandois. Moreover, the very first beginnings of love were contaminated by a thought of utility, of "subsidy," as one of our authors does not fear to state. Even in that pure and charming chronicle, the "Livre des Faiz de Jehan Bouciquaut," we read that on account of her influence and her prestige, "it is much better to love a lady of a station superior to one's own." Listen to the counsels which a lady of great position, the Dame des Belles-Cousines, gives to Jehan de Saintré! The lad, a child of thirteen, has refused to tell her the name of his sweetheart: —

The tears came into the lad's eyes, for never in his days had he given thought to such a thing as love or lady-loves. His heart fell, his face turned pale. . . . He sat a long while in silence, twirling the loose end of his girdle round his thumbs. . . . At last he cried out in his despair, for all the maids of honor fell to questioning him together and at once: "What can I tell her? I have no lady-love! If I had one, I would tell you soon enough!"

"Well, whom do you love the best of all in the world?" asked the maidens.

"My mother," said little Saintré, "and after her my sister Jacqueline."

Then said my lady:

"But of them that are nothing to ye, which love ye the best?"

"I love none of them," said Saintré.

"What! none of them?" quoth my lady.

"Ha! false gentleman! You love none of them? Then by that token I prophesy that you will come to nothing. Faint heart

that ye are! whence sprang all noble enterprises, all great achievements and valorous deeds of Launcelot, of Gawain, of Tristan, of the courteous Giron, and the other knights of the Round Table? Also of Ponthus,<sup>1</sup> and innumerable other heroes? What else but love-service? What else but the desire to keep the favor of their much-desired dame? And I myself have known many men who, through their love-affairs, have reached the highest possible honors, of whom, but for these, no more talk had been made than of so many simple soldiers."

Little Saintré left the lady's presence shamefaced, and when the door was shut, "he ran down the gallery as fast as if he had fifty wolves behind him." But one day as he waited at table on the maids of honor, these ladies made him vow to give the promised answer that afternoon. Therefore, when the king and queen retired for their noon-day siesta, my lady sought young Saintré in the gallery, and took him to her chamber with her; and there, surrounded by her ladies, she seated him at the foot of her couch and summoned him for a reply.

At last the poor lad bethought him of one of the noble maidens sent to court, who was ten years of age.

"My lady," quoth he, "'tis Matheline de Courey!"

"Ah, coward!" cried my lady, "to choose a child like Matheline. Not that she be not a very fair maiden, and of an excellent house, better than thine. But what good, what profit, what honor, what comfort, what advantage, *what subsidy*, what aid and counsel can you find in the love of Matheline? She is but a lassie yet. Nay, you should choose a lady of high and noble birth, wise, and *with the wherewithal to help your fortunes*, and set you above necessity; and her should you love with perfect service, loyally and well, and in all honor. Be sure that in the end she will have mercy upon you, 'et par ainsy deviez vous homme de bien.'"<sup>2</sup>

When we think that this harangue (and especially all that follows it) was penned by an ecclesiastic for the education of a prince, we perceive

<sup>1</sup> "Les Amours de Ponthus et de la belle Sidonie" is the name of a once famous romance of chivalry.

<sup>2</sup> Le Petit Jehan de Saintré, édition Guichard.



that our code of morals has changed. Young Saintré receives large sums of money from his mistress, with no loss of honor, and the lady herself enters on her mission as on a *sacerdote*. "Although so young, she had, in her virtue, formed a Roman resolution never to remarry; but often she wished that her work in the world might be to train some young knight or squire and make him a pattern of chivalry." It is with this high intention that she becomes the mistress of young Saintré; that she bestows her wealth upon him, and keeps him in due splendor of steed and apparel; that she preaches to him, with a sublime lack of logic, "how to flee the seven mortal sins;" that she finds him books to read, and stuffs him with quotations from Thales of Miletus, Chilon of Lacedemonia, Avicenna, Valerius Maximus and Pitacus of Mitylene. To this end she persuades herself to a cruel separation, and sends him on his travels as knight-errant. She is, in fact, his mundane Beatrice. Her love for him is in truth a liberal education, and one that seems delightful and legitimate to her contemporaries. But our eyes see in her an ugly likeness to Madame de Warens, and we should say, in downright English, that she corrupts the lad.

## XI.

VIRTUOUS or frail, the ladies of the Trecento, as of the two preceding centuries, were all alike as sisters in their loveliness. Or rather, we may say that only one type of beauty was recognized as such, all mediæval heroines being required to conform to that absolute standard.

In our eyes the dark-eyed beauties of Murillo, the warm blondes of Titian and Palma, the slender angels of Perugino, the powdered *espigle* ladies of Gainsborough and Reynolds; the majestic form of the Venus of Milo, and the somewhat mannered elegance of Tanagra, are all, in their kind, types of accomplished beauty. Many different ideals have enlarged and exercised our taste. But, of all the candidates on our list, the Middle Ages would have

admitted only the Perugino angel and the Tanagra statuette.

This lessens, at any rate, the difficulty of description. The mediæval beauty was *always* golden-haired, either naturally or by the aid of art. Her hair was very fine, rippling in long curves above a fair, broad forehead. One of her distinctive charms was the large space between the brows, the "*plaisant entr'euil*" so often sung of early poets; very few things seemed more hideous to our forefathers than shaggy eyebrows meeting in the middle. It was also a great disadvantage for the eyebrows to be fair. They should be several shades darker than the hair, narrow, pencilled, delicately arched; Burns's

Eyebrows of a darker hue  
Bewitchingly o'erarching.

Eyes, not blue, but "grey as glass," "*plus vairs que cristal*," not over-large, somewhat deeply set, and always bright, keen, and shining as a falcon's.

Below these brilliant eyes, a small, straight nose, rather long than short, but above all *traitis*—that is to say, neat and straight—divided two oval cheeks, with dimples that appear at the bidding of a smile. A fresh, faint pink-and-white color, like the first apple-blossom, must flourish in these little cheeks. The lips are much redder, slightly pursed over the tiny pearly teeth; "*la bouche petite et grosse*," says the prosaic "*Roman de la Rose*;" but Ulrich von Lichsteinstein expressed his meaning better in his "*kleinvelhitzeröter munt*," his "little, very fired mouth;" or the author of "*Guillaume le Faucon*," who likens his heroine's lips to a scarlet poppy-bud:—

Tant estoit vermeille et close.

Sometimes the small mouth was only half shut, as if about to speak:—

Les lèvres joint en itel guise  
C'un poi i lessa ouverture  
Selonc réson et par mesure,

says the author of "*Narcisse*."<sup>1</sup>

The cleft chin and the ears must be

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from Herr Alwin Schultz, *op. cit.* t. i., p. 215.

small and round and white, above a long neck, with a full, white throat. The fairness of this throat, its delicacy and transparency, was the *sine quâ non* of feminine loveliness. "When she drank red wine, one saw the rosy fluid through her throat," say the poets.

The beauty of the Middle Ages was invariably slender, slim, and round as a willow-wand. The shoulders are small; the whole figure "*greslette et alignie*;" long-drawn out in slenderness, with slim, round, long limbs, and slim, round, long fingers, that show no joints, and terminate in trim, shining nails, cut very close. The bust is high, with neat, round, well-divided breasts, and a slim, round waist. When Eustache Deschamps, in his 960th Ballad, sings the charms of a lady quite correctly like this portrait, he ends with saying:—

Mais sur toutes portez bien vos habiz  
Plus que nulle dame ne demoiselle  
Qui soit vivante en terre n'en pays.<sup>1</sup>

Poets in every century have laid great store by that

something i' the gait  
Gars ony dress look weel.

The "*Roman de la Rose*," that manual of the fourteenth century, devotes a score or so of verses to this doctrine of deportment.

"*Marche joliettement*," walk prettily, mincingly, showing your pretty little shoes, so well made they are without a wrinkle. . . . And if your dress trail behind on the pavement, yet take thought to lift it a little towards the front, as if the wind had caught it, so that every one who passes you may notice the dainty well-shod slimness of your feet.

And if you have a long mantle—one of those long, full cloaks that almost entirely hide your charming figure—with your two hands and your two arms manage to open it wide in front, whether the day be fair or foul, even as a peacock spreads his tail.

## XII.

LET us not think that the fourteenth century castle was entirely peopled by

<sup>1</sup> Ballades d'Eustache Deschamps, in five volumes. Edited by the Marquis de Queux de St. Hilaire.

men and women in the bloom of idle youth. There were charitable widows whose conversation was in heaven; there were knights strong and resolute in their absolute religion. In spite of all its mediocrity, alongside of its frivolity, its often criminal looseness of the marriage tie, the fourteenth century was an age of piety and honor. Every gentleman had two religions, for either of which he would have died; and the briefest record of life in the castle must find a place for the observances of the Church and the duties of chivalry. We cannot lay too great a stress upon the austerity, upon the charity, inherent in the ideal woman of a period whose great ladies were so often purely worldly and emotional. We should leave our readers under a false conception if we let them suppose that the women of a fourteenth-century castle were invariably after the pattern of the Dame des Belles-Cousines, or even of the sweeter Lady of Fayel. "Even in a palace life can be lived well." No saint in her cloister was purer than Madame Olive de Belleville, "*la plus courtoise dame et la plus humble*;" stern to herself, fasting daily, wearing the hair-shirt on her tender flesh, but to all others most pitiful and gentle, visiting the sick, helping poor women in childbirth, praying on the graves of poor or aged people who had few to mourn them. And, by a rare virtue, she was charitable not only to the unhappy; she knew how to welcome and honor the well-to-do, the honorable, the unpathetic; she knew how to deck with fair, white raiment smiling daughters of ruined gentlefolk, who else would have gone to their bridegrooms without a jewel or a wedding garment. She was hospitable, and even lavish, to the careless minstrel folk, who made a "*Ballad of Regret*" when at last she left them. Above all, she would never hear ill of anybody. And when the ugly story went round in whispers, and the worldly and the sceptical smiled half-content, this good woman, who denied herself the simplest pleasures, would hasten to excuse the sinner, to doubt the tale were true; or, if proven, she would say that God

would amend it, and that his judgments and his mercy alike were marvellous, and would one day astound us all. So that in her neighborhood none went undefended in the hour of slander, unsaluted in prosperity, unvisited in sickness or sorrow, unholpen in poverty or unprayed for in the hour of death. Few sweeter eulogies could be given to any woman. "In truth," says the Knight of La Tour, "though I was only nine years old when I knew her, I still remember many a wise thing she said and did, that I would set down here had I the time and space."

Madame Olive de Belleville was as frequent a type as the Lady des Belles-Cousines and her kind. More frequent than either, and between the two extremes of saint and sinner, is the wise and prudent Lady of La Tour, the careful mother of growing daughters, "*très gentille et preude femme*," who, beautiful still, and often subject to temptation, is skilful as Portia or Beatrice in the witty answer, the brilliant, inviolable smile, which serves to turn aside the insinuation of evil. Nor let us forget that noble wife of a nobler husband, Madame Antoinette de Turenne, "who scarce lived in her husband's absence, with so great love did they love each other," who had refused the hand of a royal prince to marry Sir John Bouciquant. There were then, as now, in every class countless women of purest honor, of staunchest virtue, wise in counsel, true of heart. And, in the highest class, if the absence of daily cares produced many frail and thoughtless beauties, it added to the souls of its saints a singular aloofness, a dazzling lustre of unworldliness, and a penetrating grace of meditation. The long, empty hours of the mediæval donjon, if they fostered the loves of a Tristan and an Yseult, also brought forth many a whiter spiritual flower.

### XIII.

IN the castles of the fourteenth century, the men no less than the women were religious. The middle class, and especially the respectable bourgeois man of letters, affected a certain free-

dom of thought; he was already the father of Voltaire and the grandfather of the speech-making Jacobins of the French Revolution. But all that was changed among the nobility. There it was essential, even as it is in France to-day, however light of life, to be grave of thought. The education of every knight made him instinctively religious. Even the scapegrace Louis of Orleans would pass weeks together in the Convent of the Celestines, praying, fasting with the monks before the altar. And a perfect knight was habitually not only pious, but austere.

The "*Livre des Faiz de Messire Jehan Bouciquant*" gives us an admirable picture of the life of a pattern of chivalry. The great governor of Genoa (whom the documents of the Florentine archives reveal to us as an unsupportable martinet, dogmatic, obstinate, and tyrannical, for all his virtues) appears in these pages in the inner splendor of a noble soul. Every morning he rose at dawn, "that the first fruits of his day might be consecrate to God," and we learn with some surprise that this poet of courtly ballads, this soldier, this statesman, gave every morning of his life three consecutive hours to his "*œuvre d'oraison*," as infallibly renewed at night. At table, when his household were served in gold and silver, he ate and drank from pewter, glass, or wood; however rich the banquet, he partook but of one dish, the first served, with one glass of wine and water.

He loves to read the fair books of God, the lives of the saints, the deeds of the Romans, and ancient history; but he talks little and will listen to no slander. . . . Marvellously hateth he liars and flatterers, and driveth them from him. . . . Marvellously hateth he also all games of chance and fortune, and never consenteth to them. . . . Those virtues which be contrary to lubricity are steadfast in him. . . . He is stern and to the point in justice, yet faileth he not in mercy and compassion. . . . He is very piteous to the ancient men-at-arms who can no longer help themselves, who have been good blades in their time, but have laid by nothing, and so are sore distressed in their old age. . . . And with all

his heart loveth he those who are of good life, fearing and serving our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . He oweth no debts. . . . He never lies; and all that he promiseth, so much doth he perform.

We are content to end our study with the portrait of so true a knight.

MARY DARMESTER.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
A NAMELESS HERO.

I.

THEY were both old soldiers, as the Northern Pacific Station, which they served, had been built for the use of Fort Fletcher, two miles away across the prairie, and they had been appointed at the request of the commanding officer.

The snow had begun to fall before they went to bed, but the thermometer stood at a degree which was most satisfactory to men who possessed a limited supply of fuel, and an uncertain prospect of getting more. There had been no wind, and the telegraph-operator told the station-master, while they swallowed their nightly grog, that so mild a snow could not prevent the arrival of the morning train,—an arrival of serious importance to them, as the company provisioned its smaller posts from week to week (not over-liberally), and their next rations were due. To which assertion the station-master, being a man of much longer experience in Montana, and perhaps consequently inclined to pessimistic views, had answered that he was not clever at guessing conundrums.

Val (the telegraph-operator's name was Valentine, but the North-West has no time for polysyllables) Val woke first, as he slept lightly from the habit of rousing at any call of his machine. A blast that seemed blown by old Boreas himself was shaking the frail frame building, the ill-fitting windows were rattling, and the brisk draught drove the ashes of a burnt-out fire through the open damper of the stove as he lit a match to discover how long it would be until dawn. His watch had just shown

him that it was past four o'clock, when a crash, which sounded exactly over his head, caused him instinctively to dodge among his pillows. There was no plaster to be scattered in that pine-ceiled room, and, when the clatter was presently merged in the roar of the wind, he decided that the roof was still safe though the chimney must have fallen.

He knocked on the partition between his bed and that of the station-master. "Brown! Are you asleep?" he cried. "Why don't you ask if I'm dead?" "This is a blizzard, I guess." "You are a clever guesser!"

Val laughed. In spite of having lost a leg in his first Indian campaign, and of the suffering and change of career the loss had entailed, he still possessed a light heart and a rather heedless humor, the gift of his youth and his Irish blood. "I bet I have a holiday!" he called presently, as the house shivered in another fierce embrace of the storm. "The telegraph-poles will be down if this lasts all day!"

"All day!" echoed the other gloomily. "I'm not worrying about telegraph-poles, but about how long the next train will be blocked. There ain't nothing to eat in this shebang except a can of corned beef, half a loaf of bread, and part of a box of crackers!"

Val began to whistle, until realizing that to be an ineffectual method of expressing disagreeable surprise amid such superior efforts from the wind, he shouted cheerfully, "We shall have less time to be hungry the more we sleep!" and, drawing the blankets over his ears, he applied himself to seeking his remedy with an assiduity which promptly earned its reward.

The tardy daylight was creeping in through the many chinks of the shutters, when he awoke. If he had ever been at sea, he would have compared the atmosphere of sound with which he was surrounded to a gale in the rigging; but he possessed no measure of comparison in his experience, for though he had known something of blizzards during a previous winter in Montana, he had at that time been roofed and walled within the stalwart

defences of Fort Fletcher,—a very different construction from the flimsy shanty which was his present shelter.

Brown entered as he was lifting the window sash preparatory to unbarring the shutter. "Hold on!" he cried. "Do you want to let the damned thing inside?"

"Do you mean the blizzard?" Val gasped, breathless with even his half a moment's struggle.

"I mean the balmy breeze that has been toying with your curls!" the other answered with a grim grin, as Val dashed the snow out of his eyes and hair. "Crackers and whiskey for breakfast, when you have put on your warmest clothes," he added as he returned to the living-room. "I daren't make a fire, even enough for a cup of coffee, with the top of the chimney gone!"

## II.

THROUGH that long day the men kept close within the little room whose chill dimness was only relieved by the kerosene lamp beside which they warmed their cold fingers. During the forenoon they had burned two lamps, but as three o'clock struck, with rather an increase than an abatement of the storm, Brown extinguished one.

"Why?" asked Val.

"We are low down in our supply, and I would rather have little light than no light in this Bedlam."

"Do you think it will blow much longer?"

"I've known some of its kin that have howled and hooted for near upon a week."

Val grasped his crutch and strode to the door, but the other interposed his burly figure with unwonted agility.

"Come, come, lad! This is too early in the business to lose your wits!" he exclaimed with a grip that was like a kindly vise.

"Fletcher is only two miles —"

"Which means too far!" Brown interrupted, punning with a cheery atrocity that deserved respect in the circumstances. "Too far for my pair of legs, and all the arithmetic beyond your one. See here, youngster, we will

have a game of cards and,—and it ain't against my conscience to play for quarters, if that will keep your spirits up!"

The concession meant much from this old "blue light," under whose rule, as corporal in barracks and as master in the station, cards, except for the "rigor of the game," were forbidden as a snare of Satan; but it was one which Val, feeling both his endurance and his magnanimity appealed to, would not accept. They compromised presently upon a harmless rubber of whist with double dummies, which agreeably diversified such reading as was possible in a library that consisted of Brown's Bible, a volume on company-drill, and Val's well-thumbed telegraphic manual.

"Chaps have been frozen stiff between their house and their barn when they have gone to tend their cattle in just such a maze of snow as this," the elder man said after a time, while he shuffled for a new deal. "Nothing but prairie creatures can live in a blizzard; and, when the Lord withdraws this scourge from us, there will be many a poor beast of a buffalo and prairie-dog — What's that?"

There was a new sound, distinct amid the shrieks of the storm and the cracking of the house-timbers from intense cold. It was a low cry, very near to have reached them through such a tumult of sound, a cry which both men knew instinctively was not uttered by any storm-driven animal.

Val sprang upright, forgetting his crutch, and, as he dropped helplessly back, Brown hurriedly carried the lamp into the telegraph-office, whence a broad beam of light fell across the larger room, and where the onslaught of the wind, which would follow the opening of the door, might possibly not extinguish it. "Now, Val," he cried, "sit here behind the door, and push against it when I undo the bolts; so, if we are lucky, it will not be blown from its hinges. Ah —"

The door escaped from his hold with a violence which just failed to upset Val, whose muscular frame was well braced, while Brown fell on his knees



in unwilling homage to the majesty of the hurricane which rushed upon them, flinging before it the body of a man who pitched forward beyond the threshold and lay motionless.

Brown leaped to Val's side, and the next moment the two stood panting, with their backs against the closed door, gazing at the prostrate figure. Val moved first, and, kneeling, turned the heavy shoulders and head to look down into a deathlike face. He had seen men die in that Indian fight which had marred his own life, but death had not then smitten him with the compassion which its image now stirred in his heart. "He is dead!" he gasped.

"I guess not," the other answered, lifting one of the clenched, icy hands. "And if he is, youngster, you and I ain't so much better off that you need look so desperate pitiful." But he looked pitiful enough himself, in spite of his roughness, as, finding no pulse, he began to open the fur coat and inner garments. "Bring the whiskey!" he muttered presently, as his fingers found the faint beating heart for which he was searching. "Cheer up, Val! He's alive, and we will not let King Blizzard have him this time!"

It was after a long half hour of vigorous rubbing, and many a lamentation on the absence of fire, hot flannels, and nearly all the necessities for resuscitation, that the stranger stirred, sighed, and opened his eyes. Very big and black and bewildered they stared up out of his white face; and the first gleam that came into them was not of thankfulness but of defiance, as one shaking hand fumbled at his belt.

"I've taken them away." Brown answered that look and gesture with a grin of mingled pity and amusement. "You will not want your pistols with us, my poor chap, though you will need pretty near everything else, if this blizzard don't better soon."

"The blizzard?" the stranger whispered, while his eyes grew wistful. "I tried to reach a light. You saved me?"

"Don't you be too thankful yet!

We may all three be as bad, or worse, before we can talk about safety," Brown answered grimly. "But we will do the best we can for you, even to another drink of whiskey, though there is mighty little left. Then you can tell us your story."

"My story!" the other repeated with a queer twist of his pale lips; and when they had half carried, half propelled him, as far as the only easy-chair in the place, he began not to relate but to question.

Men in so threatened a predicament as his hosts are willing enough to expatiate upon its details, and they put the situation very vividly before him without pressing for the history of his adventures. It was some subtle change of expression in his dark eyes, as Val, who had been the chief talker, ceased speaking, which caused Brown to say with a laugh that was not merry: "You don't think you have quite so much to be grateful for as you did a while ago?"

"That you are willing to make privation more entire, and to bring starvation nearer for my sake, does not appear to me a reason for ingratitude," the stranger answered with a smile, which, swiftly as it passed, warmed the hearts of the others as it went. Then very briefly he told them that he had started on horseback alone from a ranch (which he did not name) just before the snow had begun to fall on the previous night, and that when the wind rose he had been no further from the station than the nearest railway culvert some two hundred yards away. This culvert did not open to the direct sweep of the storm, and for several hours had proved a tolerable shelter for himself and his horse; but at length the animal, impatient with cold and hunger, and frightened by the increasing uproar, had escaped from his hold and made off across the prairie. For a couple of hours longer he had remained, until, realizing that this refuge was becoming a special danger from the accumulation of snow drifted into it by a change in the wind, he had desperately stumbled out upon the

open waste ; and only after wanderings that seemed endless to his failing strength had he made his way to those lights which, through some shifting eddy of the blizzard, he saw flash from between the chinks of the closed shutters at the station, of whose near neighborhood he had been ignorant. Who he was he did not tell his hosts, nor did they ask him, as they watched him with a curiosity which the meagreness of his story had by no means satisfied. He shut his eyes as he finished speaking, and lay back in the big arm-chair with his dark brows drawn together in a frown of pain. That he was a gentleman they both decided with an instinctive glance from his slender though muscular hands to their own stalwart fists ; and a gentleman who had failed to find in the West the fortune he had come there to seek, they decided with equally silent unanimity, as they contrasted his well-cut though shabby clothes with their own rough-and-ready dress.

Histories and mysteries, however, are common enough in Montana, and the hospitality of the prairie is as unquestioning as that of the desert. Brown rose, brought the solitary can of corned beef and the last half loaf from the cupboard, and, having divided three rigidly equal portions, he carefully put away the remainder, and announced supper. With the quiescence of utter exhaustion their guest accepted his share of the scanty meal, and allowed Brown to help him to bed in his own room.

"Just dead beat!" Val exclaimed as his friend rejoined him. "Lucky that he got a glimpse of the chinks in these shutters—wonderfully lucky through such a mist of snow!"

"Not much luck for us," Brown replied gloomily.

"Why, what do you think him?"

"That don't concern us while he is frozen and famished. What does concern you and me is, that slim rations for two of us, if this blizzard lasts forty-eight hours, means starvation for three of us inside of thirty-six!"

There was silence—such silence as

made the howling tempest outside sound to Val's thrilling ears like the clamor of wolves eager for their prey. He was hungry, he was cold, he was tired ; for an instant he turned sick as he confronted that dark figure at which earth's boldest eyes cannot look undismayed ; but youth refuses to recognize despair, even when face to face with it. He held out his hand to Brown with a laugh that was almost natural. "You old Job's comforter!" he cried as they clasped each other's chill fingers. "Such a hurricane as this cannot last much longer. You go to bed for two or three hours, then I'll take my turn, and by breakfast-time there will be such a jolly sun shining that we can eat the whole of our supplies at one meal!"

"Without feeling overfed, anyhow," Brown grumbled ; but he agreed to the plan, and between watching and sleeping they got through the night.

### III.

THE morning broke with less snow falling, but with a wind as high and even more bitter than it had been during the previous twenty-four hours, and with the prophecy of further snow written in the low, leaden clouds at which the men took cautious peeps through a half-open shutter. To attempt to cross the frozen and drifting two miles of chaos between them and Fort Fletcher remained a more obvious and certain danger than to wait where they were.

Breakfast, yet scantier than last night's supper, was quickly disposed of, and then the two who were at home made themselves such occupations as they could find in some small house-keeping. Their guest had managed to rise and dress without help, but he was manifestly, though silently, suffering greatly from yesterday's exposure and the bitter frostiness of the fireless room. When the others resumed their card-playing he rather curtly refused to join in it, and continued to lie in the big chair, wrapped in his fur coat, either sleeping or desiring to appear so.

The slow, hungry hours passed, grow-

ing slower and hungrier as the transient lessening of the storm vanished in a fresh accession of violence. The clock had struck six when Brown brought out the last of the canned meat and a few biscuits, and bade the quiet figure in the chair to take his share.

"I'm not hungry," was the reply without even the lifting of the heavy eyelids.

"Oh yes, you are," Brown answered roughly. He would do his duty unflinchingly, but the grace to conceal its bitterness was not in him. "The mouthful you ate this morning ain't enough to satisfy any man; let alone that you were famished before!"

"How much food have you in the house?" the stranger asked, sitting upright and looking with imperious keenness at the old soldier.

"As much again for breakfast."

"After that?"

"Not a crumb. The company provisions us by the week, and the week was out yesterday."

Their guest rose to his feet and buttoned his fur coat, while the others watched him silently; then he lifted his cap from the dresser. "You have fed me and rested me, and I thank you," he said gravely. "But I cannot permit you to share your last crust with me."

"What are you going to do about it?" Brown interrupted, folding his arms on the table beside the untasted supper; sturdy frontiersman as he was, he trembled visibly.

"I am going to see if my luck in finding shelter will be as good to-night as it was last night,—and at less cost to my hosts!" he said, smiling, as he turned toward the door.

But Val, crutch and all, sprang before him, dashing the cap from his grasp. "Do you take us for murderers?" he cried. "You, who are so weak that you can scarcely stand, how far do you think you could get out there? Sit down again, and if death is coming to us, let us meet it with clear consciences." With which he himself sank on the nearest chair and broke into sudden sobs.

"And my conscience?" murmured the stranger, his glance lingering half wistfully, half doubtfully upon Val's bowed figure. Then a curious light flashed into his eyes. "See here!" he exclaimed with a thrill in his voice that was not altogether emotion, nor yet entirely a sneer. "If your sense of duty will not permit you to send me away, and mine will not allow me to remain, there is yet no need for heroics. Fair play can settle the matter. We will draw lots."

Val lifted his head, Brown rose to his feet, their guest confronted them,—those brilliant eyes of his questioning their souls.

"This blizzard may last several days longer," he continued with the eagerness which had newly come to him. "There is barely food enough to keep life in two, certainly not enough to maintain three beyond to-morrow, in such exhausting cold as this. Shall not one die rather than three? And shall not chance decide which one of us?"

"What you say has common sense in it, and the Lord, not chance, will order the lot," Brown answered hoarsely. "But it is only my very last mouthful that I can snatch from another starving man. There are crackers to keep over to-morrow, for two; and we will all eat this bit of supper before we ask the Lord's pleasure for the three of us."

The meal was eaten in silence. Then the stranger tore a couple of leaves from a note-book into various lengths, putting them into a tobacco-pouch which was hung on a corner of the dresser, and from which they agreed that each man should draw a lot in turn according to age. For a moment they paused; Brown and Val pale through their weather tan, the stranger with a faint flush tinging his white face. The three pair of eyes met each other steadfastly. "Let us pray!" cried Brown, and dropped upon his knees; Val followed, and their guest, after an instant's hesitation, bent his dark head.

Was it life that each asked in silence of his God? Or among the three did one soul utter a nobler petition?

Brown rose and thrust a grim fist into the pouch. The slip which he withdrew was so long that there could be no doubt that his lot was to remain. His lips quivered under his grey moustache, but he neither spoke nor glanced at his companions, while the stranger's slender fingers swiftly sought their fate; the slip was much shorter. Then with a hand that shook visibly Val drew forth, — a tiny scrap! — tragically brief, as the future, which had stretched so far before his five and twenty years, was suddenly become!

He sank into a chair beside him gazing up at those two others, from whom a distance, too wide for clear seeing, seemed suddenly to divide him, and smiled. "It is all right," he heard himself saying with a dim sense of satisfaction that, whatever lamentations were clamoring in his heart, his lips were uttering words which had the semblance of courage in them. "I've a better hope of getting through the snowdrifts to Fletcher than an old man or a sick man, in spite of my game leg." And he grasped his crutch and started for the door.

"You don't leave this house until daylight," Brown burst out with a snort that badly hid a sob, as he flung a stalwart arm over Val's shoulders.

"Your prospects — and the weather — may clear before morning," the stranger said, withdrawing a glance which the young fellow felt had sounded the shallows of his cheeriness.

With little more talk they settled themselves for the night, though by tacit agreement nobody went to bed. Brown indeed fidgeted for some time, unbarring a shutter every few minutes for an anxious peep at the chaos outside; thereby admitting gusts of snow and wind most unwelcome in a room whose temperature had been reduced below freezing point by forty-eight hours of firelessness. But Val presently ended these invasions. "A watched pot never boils, old chap," he exclaimed affectionately, looking up from a letter he had begun to write; and Brown with a grunt seated himself at the other side of the table, and dis-

appeared into the collar of his fur overcoat.

From the big armchair, which their guest still occupied, two dark eyes contemplated Val bending over his paper. That letter was a slow business, and chilled fingers and ice in the ink were not its only delays. He was no eloquent scribe, this young telegraph-operator, whose despatches had rarely reported more than the movements of trains; and the news he had to tell could not so disguise itself that his own misery, and the heartbreak of her to whom he wrote, would not stare at him from between the lines.

When at length the task was finished, those observant eyes saw him raise his head and listen to the shrieking of the storm, which must have sounded as his own sentence of doom, for there was no hint of lessening in it. He took his crutch hurriedly and made a couple of steps toward one of the windows, then paused with a glance at the quiet figures of his companions. "Best not wake dear old Brown!" he muttered. "My going will be awfully hard for him when the time comes!"

He went back to his chair, lingeringly kissed the letter he had written, and, stretching his arms over the table, laid his head on them. For yet a while longer he stirred occasionally with sighs which his watcher guessed, but at last he lay motionless, asleep, as men, young and strong of nerve and health, have slept the night before a death whose certainty was more hopeless than that for which Val waited.

The tempest outside seemed to grow louder, as the silence inside grew more still. The lamp flickered low; softly the stranger rose, and, lighting another which stood ready, returned as softly to his place.

It was not until the clock of the chimney-piece pointed to five, that he rose again. Slowly he buttoned his fur coat — then paused a moment, looking about the shabby room, and from the burly figure of Brown to Val out-flung across the table. "Not much like apostles, either of them," he murmured. "Nor is this the proper background

for the conversion of a sinner. And yet —" There came a light over the worn white face and the haggard, dark eyes glorifying them wondrously. "As the old fellow said, — Let us pray!"

Six hours later the blizzard was ended, and before the sun, which had shone radiantly all that afternoon, had sunk in a cloudless west, help had come to the imprisoned men at the station; help that, on its road from Fort Fletcher, had found in a snowdrift, of which his pale coldness seemed a part, the body of the stranger. The young officer in command of the rescue party, gazing down on the still beauty of the face, said gravely: "This is the man the sheriff has been hunting ever since that last shooting row in Zenith City; the 'Grand Duke' they call him, and the most reckless dare-devil in Montana." Then half to himself, he muttered, while his fingers went mechanically to his cap, "What a smile the poor chap has, — as though he had won a battle!"

N. M.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

CHRISTIAN GREECE: BIKELAS AND THE MARQUESS OF BUTE.

THE continuity of Roman policy and Greek culture in the eastern half of the Roman Empire, associated so familiarly with the name of Constantine, for a thousand years after Romulus Augustulus vacated the seat of the Western empire on the Tiber in favor of a vagabond Gothic barbarian, is unquestionably one of the most notable phenomena in the political history of the world; and yet it is a phenomenon with the facts of which it is not uncommon to find very intelligent persons either very imperfectly informed or altogether ignorant. Why? Partly, no doubt, from the lamentable neglect of history in our scholastic and academical repertory; but more particularly, perhaps, from the nearer relation of the Western Rome to ourselves, built up as we are from fragments of the mighty empire which once meant the whole of civilized

Europe. How England became England, France France, and Spain Spain, is a question which we can answer only by some knowledge of the details of that splendid ruin, set forth so eloquently in the first six volumes of our greatest British historian. But Constantinople, though geographically on European ground, is to our Western imagination connected more with Venetian sea-rovers and Turkish marauders than with any continuous policy of a stout, self-sustaining dynasty. But no serious student of history will be content with such superficial side-glances at such a singular political fact as the continued existence of the East Roman empire, through a period when all western Europe was undergoing the throes of a new birth, and passing through stages of the most significant variety. He will endeavor to realize distinctly from what causes the Western empire fell, scarcely five hundred years after its foundation by Augustus Cæsar; while the Eastern Rome, governed in the same fashion by a series of absolute monarchs, from the desertion of Rome by Constantine to the taking of Stamboul by the Turks, in the middle of the fifteenth century, lasted more than twice that period. The causes that led to the early fall of the Western Cæsars are patent enough. Military violence, Oriental luxury and sensuality, and the infatuation of absolute power, ruined Rome: military violence, which, under an elective monarchy, means a continual succession of broils and bloodshed by a class of men to whom the sword was law, and who had been allowed by masters who were in fact their slaves to become the arbiters of all social disputes; Oriental luxury, which means the annihilation of the self-dependent hardihood, on which the safety of States depends; and the possession of absolute power, which in the hands of weak or wicked governors turned citizenship into slavery, and substituted wholesale massacre for authoritative law and discriminating justice. How could an empire stand, which lived in a chronic state of civil war; and sometimes, to satisfy the



ambition of contending factions, literally tore itself to pieces, having three or four absolute masters at the same time?

In endeavoring to point out the causes that led to the more tough longevity of Eastern Rome, we must carefully distinguish two periods. The first period is that which is contained in the first three-quarters of the fifth century, from the invasion of Italy by Alaric in the year 401 to the year 476, when the successor of Augustus retired from the public troubles of a rickety throne to the private seclusion of a suburban villa. Why did the masterful Visigoth at that critical finale of Roman history not strike the humiliating blow at Constantinople, which now for three generations had been the ostensible head of the Roman Empire, instead of contenting himself with the then secondary sojourn of the Cæsars? In fact he did go first to the eastward section of the empire, and planted his foot firmly on the very ground where the Macedonian had planted his camp, and received his captainship as destined conqueror of the East, from the Bosphorus to the Tigris, and from the Tigris to the Hydaspes; but with all his barbarian lust to follow in the footsteps of the great Alexander, he was sensible enough to know three things. First, that though the pomp and pride of Rome was now on the Bosphorus, not on the Tiber, the rich spoils which had been accumulated for ages in the West were more likely to promise a substantial booty than the newly equipped splendor of the East. Again, because the Bosphorus was not the Tiber, and protected the new Rome with a much more potent cincture than anything that Father Tiber and his pretty confluent the Anio could present. There was no Golden Horn in Rome, no briny barrier, which only a well-appointed navy could surmount; Ostia, with whatever naval aid it might boast, was twenty miles from the capital. And yet again, his kindred Teuts and Goths had long ago made themselves at home, in various respects, in the country south of the Alps, and were prepared to give him information

or active aid in his victorious march to the old Western capital. Accordingly, he made a paction with Arcadius, the then emperor of the East, to hold his ground with the state of a king as commander-in-chief of eastern Illyricum, which included Greece, while he marched with his main force directly on Rome; and in the year 410 tramped the statues of the Cæsars triumphantly under foot. Following in his track, the future spoilers of the Roman Empire drifted in a devastating manner, westward and south-westward, wiping out France and Spain and Africa successively from the fellowship of Western Rome, and leaving the name and the strength of the empire to be represented by Constantinople. The second period starts with the notable fact that there is no longer any Western Rome, any Rome at all in the large political sense, but only the half of that mighty empire of the Cæsars, which embraced the best part of the civilized world, from the Caspian Sea and the Tigris in the east to the British Isles and the Spanish and African headlands on the west. Constantinople might indeed call itself Rome, a mighty city, the centre of Roman administration and Roman rule, Roman ideas and Roman pretensions; but to a hostile eye, looking at what Genseric was doing in Rome, and what the Ostrogoths and Lombards were preparing to do in places where the Scipios and the Cæsars had established their claim to a world-wide supremacy, would not this new Rome look rather like a place of refuge for the remnant of a broken dynasty unable to maintain itself in its original stronghold? and in the next and following centuries, when Italy meant anything but Rome, were there not hostile eyes from more than one side, ready to pounce upon the fallen giant, and deal out to the new Eastern Rome the same measure of retributive subjection which Alaric and Atilla and Genseric had so sweepingly dealt to the West? Most certainly there were. Were there not Avars and Bulgarians, Slavonians from the north and from the west, drifting down like hailstones on the fairest prov-

inces of classical Greece, literally obliterating the ancient population, but destined to appear afterwards as the biform creatures, half brigand, half patriot, that made themselves so stoutly prominent in the struggle for national independence in 1821?<sup>1</sup>

And were there not Persians near neighbors in the East, not forgetful of what a proud boast their predecessors the Parthians in the same district could make of having broken the strength of the Roman army under Crassus, in the palmy days of the republic? — and were there not Seljouk Turks, spreading themselves with sacred fury and tiger-like ferocity over the rich cities of Asia Minor, where St. Paul had preached his most prosperous gospel, and over which St. John had spoken the ominous warnings of his apocalyptic trumpet? Assuredly the soil was sown with danger on all sides; and how did a motley people, neither Greek nor Roman, but a crude mixture of both, the devoted mark of so many hostile armies, destined in the end to succumb, manage so long to keep their ground? The answer lies in the excellence of the administrative machinery established by Constantine, and followed by his successors. To such a mass of loosely welded materials, consistency, unity, order, and efficiency, could be given under the circumstances only by an absolute authority from above, supplying the want of a formative soul from within. A Roman people, with Roman feelings and Roman character, such as had conquered the world by the sword of the soldier and the sentence of the lawyer, did not now exist; and what had come in its place in the latter days of the Western empire, — a military despotism, in which the head of the State had become the creature of contending factions, with the sword in their hand, and violence for their law, — was, in political action, essentially self-destructive. Nothing remained,

therefore, but a purely bureaucratic despotism, a government by an ordered array of public servants, who on their several platforms obeyed the nod of the supreme director, as the men on a railway, at their several stations, obey the whistle and the signal of those who direct the train. How this widespread governmental machinery was carried out in all its detail, the student of history will find learnedly set forth by Gibbon in his admirable seventeenth chapter; but the main point, of course, was this, so to dispose of the military force as to keep it in a state of dignified dependence, ready for action at any moment against aggression from without, and at the same time as little as possible in a position to make themselves arbiters of the supreme power. Of course, in an elective monarchy, occasions could not be wanting for court intrigue and military ambition conspiring to weaken the central force of the State, by making it subserve the passion and the fret of the hour; and the number of Byzantine emperors who either mounted on steps of murder to the throne, or were cast from it by the hand of the assassin, is unfortunately too great to allow us to imagine that the cunning machinery of the Byzantine bureaucracy was altogether free from the lawlessness and the violence that had ruined the empire of the West. On the whole, however, there can be no doubt that there was in the Eastern empire a cohesion, a unity, and a systematic strength sufficient to repel the fitful assaults of less regularly marshalled forces; and even when, as on several occasions, these foes stood at the gates of the new Rome with battle-axe in hand, the immense wealth of a city, the centre, for centuries, of the commerce of the East, enabled the heads of the State to buy off an invader whom it might be difficult to beat. Add to this the not infrequent possession of the throne by men of great military and administrative talent, such as Heraclius, Leo the Isaurian, Basil the Macedonian, and other men who, by a single stroke of a persistent, firm hand, regained the ground which

<sup>1</sup> On this curious blending of brigand and patriot, a most interesting book is "Kolocotrones, the Poet and Warrior," (London: Fisher Unwin, 1892), by Miss Edmunds, a lady well known by her Hellenic sympathies and publications.

their feeble predecessors had lost. And, keeping always in view the great strength of the position, against which only a persistent and sustained attack like that of Mohammed II. in 1453 could prevail, we shall have no difficulty in understanding how, so far as an array of physical forces was concerned, Eastern Rome should have maintained her position so stoutly, through a long series of not ignoble dynasties, beyond the term of her Western sister. But there were moral causes also, which worked quietly and must not be overlooked. First, there was the inherited social action of the Roman law, which, from Theodosius and Justinian downwards, gave to the subjects of the empire a certain security, which they could not expect from the dominance of the Seljouk Turks; then, in the absence of anything that deserved the name of public feeling and national tendency, there was a certain unity of social force in the Christian Church essentially Greek, which the continued antagonism of Paganism and Christianity through the fourth and fifth centuries could not allow to grow up in the West; and, lastly, though there was nothing in the great mass of the people that could deserve the name of patriotism, still, amid all their imperfections and corruptions, there prevailed in influential quarters a feeling—that they were Romans, and as such, entitled to hold their heads high, and not bite the dust basely before the violence of an ignoble conqueror. Animated by these feelings, Palaeologus, the last emperor of the East, fell in the mid-heat of the capture as manfully as a Christian martyr or a Spartan Leonidas.

We have been led to make this hasty sketch of the wonderful continuity of Greek political action and Greek culture during the long chaotic period of the Middle Ages from the perusal of the remarkable volume on the subject lately put forth by the Marquess of Bute, of which the title is given below.<sup>1</sup> The noble marquess, though he only ap-

pears in this volume in the secondary character of a translator of a series of essays by a living Greek of literary reputation, is not the less entitled to the special thanks of the British public for the intelligent labor he has spent in making these essays the common property of all who read the widespread English language; for, as remarked above, the whole subject of Byzantine and post-Roman Greek has either been neglected altogether by professed scholars, or hastily dismissed with a few words of superficial generalities and partial points of view. Our English point of view in judging of Greek matters has been, on the whole, unfortunately anything but favorable; and this, not only from the general want of charity observable in international judgments, leading to condemnation rather than to approval, but from special political influences. During the first two centuries after the Turkish occupation, England, along with the rest of Europe except Venice, seems to have regarded the extinction of the Greek name from the political world as an accomplished fact; and when, by the peace of Carlowitz in 1718, the queen of the Hadriatic was obliged finally to resign all claims to the most vital centre of Greek life—the Morea—no man dreamed of acknowledging a separate independent political existence in Greece, any more than they were dreaming of a French Revolution or a battle of Waterloo. Greece was part of Turkey, as Ireland was part of Britain, that was all. But over and above this very natural ignoring of the Greek name and the Greek people in the European world, there came a positive determination and a traditional policy, from considerations of the balance of power, to keep Greece where it lay, trampled beneath the hoof of the Turk. A black cloud was looming from the north-east; a stout political power was seen advancing step by step and stage by stage from Moscow to Constantinople; and the fear of Russian sway in the Mediterranean made it our policy to maintain a strong Turkey, and prevent the possibility of a troop of lawless

<sup>1</sup> *Seven Essays on Christian Greece.* By Demetrios Bikelas, translated by the Marquess of Bute, K.T. Gardner, Paisley, 1890.

Greeks and Albanians in the mountain-holds of Epirus and the Morea dreaming of some modern Thermopylæ and Salamis in the resurrection of a liberated Greece. And, finally, when the progress of events, starting from the great French ferment of 1789, brought this dream of a liberated Greece into the arena of diplomatic discussion, had it not been for Russia and her kindly sympathies with her co-religionists south of the Thessalian Highlands, and her ambitious regards towards her infidel neighbor south of the Pruth, it seems extremely doubtful whether either England or Greece would ever have given their names to the Triple Alliance, which ended in the "untoward event" of Navarino in 1825, and the final establishment of an independent Greece in 1830.

Such being our precedents, and such our predisposition towards rather an unfriendly view of Christian Greece and Christian Greeks, no better corrective to our one-sided habit of judging could possibly be applied, than the statement of the other side of the case from such a learned and judicious Hellenic as Demetrios Bikelas. There is not a single scene in the whole progress of that wonderful drama, from Constantine to King George, which he does not touch with the feeling of a brother, the hand of a master, and the impartiality of a judge. The essays are seven, and their mere names will be sufficient to indicate the range of reading, and the sphere of political judgment, which the wise treatment of such a various theme implies: "The Byzantine Empire," "Byzantinism and Hellenism," "The Subjects of the Byzantine Empire," "Greece before 1821," "The Formation of the Modern Greek State," "The Territory of the Greek Kingdom," and "The Greek Question." In the first of those essays, after fairly admitting the barbarities and butcheries which stand in the front of the record of the ten dynasties which occupied the throne during the thousand years of the duration of the empire,—barbarities, however, be it well noted, which belong to the general

character of Oriental despotism, and to the evil conditions of an elective monarchy, not to Greece,—he stands stoutly on the fact, which our learned Hellenic, Finlay, has also strongly accentuated—that in a series of seventy-six emperors and five empresses who exercised imperial sway during that period, "there never was long lacking to the Byzantine throne the manly virtue which that lofty station demands; and the greater number of the sovereigns who occupied it showed themselves not unworthy of their seat, and were no dishonor to the pages of their country's history, or the people whose life they represented;" while, in another place, with the true spirit of philosophic history, he remarks, that it is as unjust to judge the Byzantine empire by the crimes which occasionally defiled the palace, as if we should estimate the French people by nothing but the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Reign of Terror in 1791. And further on, when taking a special review of the array of barbarous hordes from East and West who, century after century, in vain spent their strength to blot out the Greek name from the Bosphorus, as they had already done the Latin from its antecedent on the Tiber, he makes the following short summation of the invasive exploits of the Normans, in terms not over complimentary to us:—

The invasion of Byzantine territory by the Normans may be regarded as an incident cognate with the Crusades, although, as a matter of chronological sequence, it began somewhat earlier. After their conquest and occupation of a portion of Northern France, these barbarians adopted the use of the French language, but they did not relinquish their own customs, their nomadic instinct, and their hunger for conquest. In the year 1016, a Norman army poured into Italy and seized the provinces still ruled by the Eastern empire. Between 1081 and 1084, Robert Guiscard made two expeditions against Greece; but although he began by defeating Alexios I. (Komnenos), he did not succeed in establishing any permanent foothold. About sixty years later, the Normans attempted a new expedition against the empire. They captured

Corfu and harried the mainland. But the Emperor Manuel I. (Komnenos) repulsed them, carried the war into Italy, and compelled them to sue for a thirty years' peace. Meanwhile the same race conquered England. The difference of their fortunes in the two countries is a sufficient proof of the comparative superiority of the Byzantine empire at the time.

In the second essay, on Hellenism and Byzantinism, mainly occupied in correcting and qualifying the sweeping generalities of Montesquieu and the severe verdict of Gibbon with regard to the character of the Byzantine government, there occurs a notable passage in reference to the relations of Church and State in Constantinople, which displays, in a few striking examples, the attitude which Christianity, from its lofty moral platform, can always maintain against the iniquity and the lawlessness of the secular power. Here it is :—

It was not the normal state of things for the Patriarch to be the tool of the Emperor, or for the Emperor to be the slave of the Patriarch. On the contrary, history has preserved the record of plenty of cases where the jealousy of the civil or of the ecclesiastical powers for their respective independence brought them into something very like collision. In fact, the truth is, that the annals of the Byzantine empire bear more traces than do those of many modern European nations of a continued effort to put in practice the celebrated principle enunciated in Italy by Cavour : "*Chiesa libera in Stato libero*—a Free Church in a Free State." For instance, the Patriarch Polyuktos forbade the marriage of the Empress Theophano with the Emperor John I. (Tzimiskes), with whom she had been an accomplice in the murder of her husband, Nikephoros II. (Phokas) ; the Patriarch Nicolas continued firm in refusing the Holy Communion to Leo VI. (the Philosopher) after he had contracted a fourth marriage, in defiance of the canons of our Church, with Zoe Karbonopsina ; the Patriarch Ignatius publicly passed over the Cæsar Bardas, in consequence of his sin with his half-sister, when the prince, then in the plenitude of unlimited power, came up to communicate at the altar. Many more such examples could be cited, following, in great measure, from attempts of the State to intrude within the sphere of

ecclesiastical authority. The point of view from which such things were regarded can perhaps hardly be better summed up than in the words addressed to the Emperor by Theodore of the Studium when the autocrat had taken to meddling in the Iconoclastic controversy : "O King, unto thee hath been committed the civil State and the army. See thou to them. Leave the Church to pastors and teachers."

In the third essay, on the subjects of the Byzantine Empire, their character and their works, Mr. Bikelas, always in agreement with the judgment of our learned Byzantine historian, George Finlay, has an interesting indication of that branch of Greek literature which the general neglect of the subject, even by profound scholars in this country, will be our apology for presenting at length :—

It may now be permitted to touch upon the subject of literature. This is a standard by which it is always possible to measure the intellectual development of a nation. In this particular the Byzantine world has been very much cried down. Is there anything to be said upon the other side? I shall not cite the fourth and fifth centuries, which are rendered illustrious by the names of Basil, of the Gregorys, of John Chrysostom, of Synesios, of Zosimos, of Stobaios, of Mousaios, and of so many others. These men are generally looked upon as the last representatives of classical culture. The fact is, on the contrary, that all of them, and especially the doctors of the Church, should be considered as among the earlier glories of the Byzantine period. Taking only one or two names in each succeeding century, we find in the sixth the remarkable historians Procopius and Agathias. In the seventh lived George of Pisidia, whose works, while they do not justify the contemporary judgment which compared them to the tragedies of Euripides, are a striking proof of the living tradition of the classical poetry. The eighth century was the period of John of Damascus, surnamed "of Golden Streams," whose religious writings have become the basis of orthodox systematic theology, and whose words of prayer still lend a voice to the faith and love of Christian hearts throughout the Greek churches. The ninth century is marked by the name of Photius. The tenth affords the examples of two imperial authors, Leo VI. (the Wise) and Constan-



time VII. (Porphyrogenetos) as a proof of the esteem in which the pursuit of letters was held upon the throne itself. In the eleventh century, Suidas compiled his *Lexicon*, and Kedrenos his *History*. The twelfth is distinguished as the period of the learned Bishop Eustathios and of the lettered Princess Anna Komnená. The thirteenth and fourteenth increased the roll both in numbers and merit, and in the fifteenth the fall of Constantinople was the means of obtaining for Italy the presence of those learned men who bore with them the intellectual testament of classical Hellas. Thus, the last benefit which the dying East conferred upon the new-born West, was to transmit to her that heritage of ancient culture of which she had been the jealous guardian during so many ages. The emigrants of Constantinople completed the work which had been begun by the immigrants of the Crusades. These two things — first, the Crusades, and, secondly, the diffusion of the ancient culture by Byzantine scholars — comprise that epoch of germination during which Western Europe, hitherto shapeless and semi-barbarous, grew into modern society.

We certainly do not find in the Byzantine authors the same depth and originality which mark the ancient writers whom they copied. Far from it. But there are many of them who cannot be read without both profit and pleasure. In doing so we are at least reminded of their early predecessors. In a word, we cannot condemn Byzantine literature as having produced no remarkable works. And the prejudice with which they are habitually viewed is curiously and strikingly proved by the fact that certain poems which had been lauded to the skies for centuries as the compositions of Anacreon, have now been proved by modern criticism to be the productions of anonymous Byzantine writers. If such were the verses written at Constantinople, who shall say how many works, instinct with a grace truly Greek, may not have been the product of the same atmosphere, but now lost forever!

While on the subject of Greek mediæval literature, it may be well here to make a passing remark on the language in which that literature is couched. On this point, as on the general subject of mediæval and modern Greece, the most superficial notions, the most narrow prejudices, and sometimes the most complete ignorance, are found to pre-

vail. It is not uncommon, even amongst men of large culture, to hear Greek talked of as a dead language, and of modern Greek as a barbarous corruption, bearing pretty much the same relation to the language of ancient Athens that Italian does to the language of Cicero and Cæsar. Nothing could be a greater mistake. So far from being a corruption, in any fair sense of that word, it is the only language that has come down to us from ancient times in the most perfect purity, without one single foreign patch on the fair face of its presentment. Certain changes the language, no doubt, has undergone in the course of the centuries, just as the English of the present hour is, in some points, notably different from the English of Chaucer; but these changes in the case of Greek are much fewer and more slight than is the case with our British tongue, which, from the loss of its native formative force, has gone through a process of borrowing and patching to such an extent as makes, to a philological eye, corruption its normal state, and purity a pedantic offence. As contrasted with this, the few changes that modern Greek has undergone consist in a curtailment or loss of the superabundant wealth of their verbal forms, with the use of the auxiliary verb *θα* and *έχω* for the compound tenses, quite analogous to the use of *av* for our conditional mood in classical Greek. Beyond this, as any one may see by a glance at the Greek writers, from Phranzes in the fourteenth century to Tricoupi, Paparogopoulos, and Paspates in the present, there is little or nothing of any significant difference between ancient and modern Greek; and one might as well call a magnificent old yew-tree corrupt from which a few superfluous branches had been lopped, as to apply that term to the language used in the debates of the Athenian Parliament, or the leading articles in the daily newspapers. In fact, the perfect purity of the Greek tongue, transmitted to us now for a period of nearly three thousand years, from Homer downwards, is a phenomenon altogether unique in the history of human speech, and can only

be explained by the proud consciousness which the Greek people possess of using a language which conquered the moral world in the form of the Christian Church, and the intellectual world in the form of philosophy and science. Dowered with such a catholic organ of varied human expression, the Greek of the present day may well be pardoned for indulging the proud feeling that, while all the most highly gifted nations — Hebrews, Romans, English, and French — have borrowed, and must borrow from him, he will not condescend to borrow from them; he will not be a traitor to himself.

There are two considerations, however, which it would be unfair to omit, as an apology for those who have been accustomed to believe that modern Greek is a corrupt language. The one is, that there exists in Greek, as in all languages, two platforms, or strata, which run parallel to one another, and of which the lower may in some sense be called a corruption. The lower stratum is the idiom of the great mass of the people, especially the uneducated or less educated classes, as distinguished from the language of literature, of education, and culture. Thus, in England, we have a Dorsetshire dialect, a Lancashire, a Yorkshire, and a Cumberland variety, forming a lower stratum of the cultivated English speech; call it vulgar, call it popular, call it corrupt as you will, there it is. Corrupt it certainly is, in one sense — viz., in so far as, from pure carelessness or unlicensed foreign admixture, it habitually deviates from the standard norm; but looked at in a different aspect, so far from being a corruption, it presents sometimes to the eye of the historical philologist the original type of the word, which has been lost by the softening process of later times, and assumed the form which fashion and fortune have conspired to dignify with the stamp of classicality. Thus, for example, there can be no doubt that the popular Greek *αυγόν*, for an egg, is the original pure type of the word, which has been corrupted into the Latin form *ovum*, when the *γ* is softened into a *v*, and the clas-

sical *ᾠόν*, where, as in the French *père*, from *pater*, the consonant which separated the vowel elements altogether disappears. In the same way Scotch, though it may, from a merely grammatical point of view, be looked on as a corruption of English, is in not a few respects, the oldest form of English, and as much entitled to hold its ground alongside of the English of Shakespeare and Milton as the Doric dialect of the Greeks did in the choral odes of tragedy alongside of the Attic Greek of the dialogue. The overlooking of this bi-stratification, and the confounding of two things so essentially different as the style of the ballad poetry of the people and the standard of polished speech in literary usage, may, no doubt, have been one cause of the supercilious superficiality with which some scholars are accustomed to denounce the so-called modern Greek wholesale as a barbarous corruption. The second consideration that may be allowed to serve as an apology for these unreasonable denouncers is of an altogether different description. It originates purely with ourselves. From the breaking off of all living intercourse with the Greek people, after the absorption of their name and nation by the Turks in 1453, we were thrown upon our own insular imaginations in regard to the living use of the living Greek tongue. To us it became practically a dead tongue, and we dressed it up as a dead body, without regard to any functions it might be called upon to exercise as a living form of historical expression between man and man. And in this way we took it upon ourselves to deal with Greek as we did also with Latin, and pronounce it in any way we pleased, or as the habit of our English ear might lead us. A greater barbarism than this, in the handling of any language, living or dead, cannot be conceived; for every language has its own music — what Cicero calls its *cantus dicendi* — as essential to its character as the mere printed symbols of its significance called letters; and the organ which apprehends this music is the ear, to which every mispronounced word is a

jar and an offence; and, worse than this, not rarely a bar to all mutual understanding. What intelligent foreigner — French or German, for instance — would know of whom we were speaking, if any person should be so ignorant as to pronounce *Lord Abérdeen* or *Lord Dufférin*, or the Duke of *Devónshire*, with the accent on the penult instead of the antepenult, the favorite accent of our English tongue? And yet this is precisely what we do with Greek, when we say *ἀγαθός* instead of *αγαθός*, and *θείος* instead of *θεός*. The practical consequence of this is, that a highly educated Englishman, who has spent five, or, it may be, ten, years in the study of the Greek language at Harrow and Oxford, may yet not be able to utter a single intelligible sentence of kindly human recognition or social significance with the people from whom he professes to have derived the most potent stimulants of his intellectual growth; and this unhappy wall of separation, raised up between a noble people and a noble language, he may justify to himself by saying that they talk a barbarous language, — whereas he himself is the real barbarian, and not only a barbarian, but a systematic corrupter and abuser of the accent of a language which has been handed down, with characteristic persistency, from the Alexandrian grammarians, through the Greek Church and the Greek people, for a period of more than two thousand years. May we not hope that we are now, at last, not far from the day, when some large-minded and large-hearted Hellenist in Oxford will come forward and perform the same service to Greek that the late Professor Munro of Cambridge did not many years ago to Latin, and enter a public protest against a pedagogic practice, equally contrary to philological science, to the comity of nations, and to political expediency?

The remaining four essays of Bikelas's exhaustive volume — "Greece before 1821," "The Formation of the Modern Greek State," "The Territory of the Greek Kingdom," and "The Greek Question" — cover a space of

political rather than literary interest, on which it would lead us into too wide a field to enlarge here. Suffice it to say, that in his judgment on the Greek question, as it now stands, he shows in every sentence that moderation and good sense which are not always united with the patriotic enthusiasm which the name of Greece is so calculated to inspire. He is a warm advocate for the equilibrium of the Balkan States, as settled by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878. There is plenty of room, he says, in the Balkan peninsula for them all; and their respective aspirations can be combined in one common understanding, as soon as they agree to a common policy of compromise and conciliation. He has no dreams about St. Sophia being turned again into a Christian temple; and, as a practical man, though, of course, no lover of the Turks, he has no scheme either for driving them back to their native Asiatic wilds, or enthroning a Christian Russia on the shores of the Bosphorus. The probability is, to his view, that Turkey will give up her western provinces, which are to her a source of weakness, and concentrate herself in Thrace. If she could only rid herself of the difficulties caused her by those European territories, and rest upon Asia, she would still secure herself a long era of prosperity for Constantinople. And with regard to the future shaping forth of a compact Greek kingdom, he speaks with equal decision and moderation, as follows: —

There may be still some warm hearts, some enthusiastic imaginations, that delight in visions of the past, and are roused by the great idea of raising again the Christian empire once enthroned at Byzantium. But that idea has long ago ceased to govern the thoughts of those who nowadays guide the destinies of Greece. It no longer actuates the movements of our national policy. It is not the object of the Greek people to set up a Greek empire at Constantinople. What we are struggling and longing to do is this. We hope to have a Greek State with a northern frontier starting eastwards from the Adriatic at some point north of Corfu, and reaching the Ægean at some point east of the Chalcidic peninsula, including such part of Macedonia as is Greek. The island

of Crete would be our farthest limit southward. We would fain see Montenegro aggrandized, and, between such a Montenegro and ourselves, an emancipated Albania, either autonomous or attached to ourselves by a brotherly tie. We would wish that our northern frontier should meet those of a fully expanded Servia, and of an enlarged and united Bulgaria, embracing not only the actual Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, but also all territory which is really inhabited by a majority of Bulgars.

These are the limits of Greek aspiration !

And such also must be the limits of our interview, for the present, with one of the most learned, intelligent, and judicious representatives of living Greek literature. There are, thank heaven, of such not a few ; and there can be no doubt that it would be for the advantage of our higher learning, as well as a wise move in our European policy, to cultivate them, both in their life and in their books, somewhat more largely than we have been accustomed to do. In such a course of kindly recognition the Marquess of Bute stands forward in this volume as a noble example to us all.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

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From The Spectator.  
WAS TENNYSON EITHER GNOSTIC OR  
AGNOSTIC?

IT is stated that Tennyson, like the earlier Gnostics, was at one time tempted to solve the difficulty as to the manifold shortcomings of our human world, by imagining that the structure of our earth and its social system had been entrusted to the creative providence of a powerful but limited demiurgus not quite equal to the task committed to his hands. At least, so Mr. Knowles says in his notes on Tennyson in the *Nineteenth Century* for the present month. But we cannot say that we attach any very great importance to the statement. Of course, Tennyson, on some one occasion, must have said something very like the opinion reported by Mr. Knowles, namely, that the theory of a Demiurge with whom alone man comes into direct con-

tact, was, perhaps, "the nearest explanation of the facts of the world which we can get." But we do not suppose that such an incidental statement meant more than the remark imputed to the ideal king in "The Passing of Arthur : " —

O me ! for why is all around us here

As if some lesser god had made the world,  
But had not force to shape it as he would,  
Till the High God behold it from beyond,  
And enter it, and make it beautiful ?

That is a fine and natural expression of Arthur's doubt and despondency, when he finds all his hope of embodying a divine chivalry in a great human society ebbing away to nothingness. But though such an expression may well befit the lips of even the ideal king of men, when his life is ending in tragedy, it does not follow that it would be expressive of the whole life of such a king ; nor, indeed, would it be so. No one could have inaugurated a new order, such as Arthur is portrayed as conceiving and partially establishing, without a much deeper faith in the divine power within and above him, than could be placed in this sort of subordinate deity.

Still less should we be disposed to attach much importance to Tennyson's own *obiter dictum*, even if we could be quite sure that Mr. Knowles, who does not tell us that he took down Tennyson's remarks in shorthand as the conversation proceeded, had not omitted some qualifying word which would indicate that what he said was rather a vivid illustration of his difficulty in understanding the apparent imperfections in the universe, than a deliberate solution of them. This kind of conversational remark, however seriously made, should be taken together with all a thinking man's other remarks on the same subject ; and it seems to us that Mr. Knowles would have done much better, had he communicated his few notes to Lord Tennyson, and left it to him to use them, in conjunction with other illustrations of his father's faith and doubts, so as to give them in their true perspective. We are very doubt-

ful, indeed, whether a considerable number of "personal reminiscences," such as Mr. Knowles has registered for us, and appears desirous to elicit from other friends of the late laureate, would really give the man "in his habit as he lived." Would they not rather give a variety of portraits with exaggerated, though differently exaggerated, features, the net result of which would be a portrait exaggerated on all its sides? To our mind, Mr. Knowles's portrait appears one of which the gnostic and agnostic elements are considerably, if not excessively, exaggerated, unless we are to give up the poems as the truest of all expressions of Tennyson's deepest faith. We do not believe for a moment, for instance, that the saying recorded of Tennyson, "There's a something that watches over us, and our individuality endures; that's my faith, and that's all my faith," conveyed anything but the most inadequate and plainly fragmentary, not to say infinitesimal, proportion of his faith, instead of being "all his faith." Can we suppose for a moment that it was not part of his faith that the "Something" was a Righteous and Holy Something? Why, every religious poem that Tennyson ever wrote—and he wrote a great multitude of them—would prove at once that this was the most essential part of his faith; and yet it was omitted altogether from what Mr. Knowles tells us that Tennyson announced as containing "all his faith." Again, can any one doubt for a moment that he held Christ's life to be a direct revelation of the divine character? yet that, again, was not included in this careless *obiter dictum* which Mr. Knowles gives to the world as containing that *magnum in parvo*, the whole of Tennyson's faith. We take leave to say that Mr. Knowles's reminiscences of Tennyson's religious convictions conspicuously and greatly distort the reality of the poet's mind in the direction of the gnosticism or agnosticism of superior persons. For the present, at least, we shall take leave to think Mr. Knowles's reminiscences of Tennyson's religious convictions a very much di-

luted as well as distorted image of the convictions we find impressed, and indelibly impressed, on a long series of poems.

But to return to our first subject, Tennyson's supposed leaning towards the demiurgus view of the universe, which we do not at all believe to have been more than a mere tentative feeler put out by his imagination, to which it would be folly to attach any particular importance; otherwise it would appear more clearly in others of his poems, and not merely in depicting the melancholy reflections of King Arthur's last hours after he had taken leave of his unfaithful wife, and was expecting that "last great battle in the West" which would extinguish his lofty hopes. The demiurgus theory is not a real solution of any difficulty, unless indeed it is to be assumed that the discipline and probation of these limited and subordinate deities into whose care portions of the universe were supposed to have been delivered by "the High God," was the *main* purpose of that "High God" in passing over creatures like man to a subordinate providence's care, and consequently that our own moral and spiritual discipline was quite a secondary object—and that is postulating the existence of a whole class of beings of which we have no evidence at all, in order to explain our own intellectual and moral embarrassments. If it is only our own probation and discipline that we want to understand better, the explanation offered only pushes back the difficulty. It explains, perhaps, why there is so much sin and ignorance and error in our subordinate world. But it does not explain at all why Omniscience delegated to a being of partial knowledge and partial holiness, a work which he himself might have conducted so much better. One of the early Gnostics, who regarded the God of the Old Testament as a mere demiurgus, represented the third verse of the first chapter of Genesis as a passionate and despairing prayer, instead of as a divine command. Sitting in the desolation of the chaos which he was supposed to be impotent to reduce to order, this



despairing maker of a world is represented as uttering the passionate appeal for aid to the most High God, "Let there be light!"—to which the High God responds by granting the prayer, "And there was light." But all this was pure Gnosticism, which means, as we think, the ambition of knowing a good deal more than it is given us to know. The Gnostic was never content with the humble task of dealing with the problem actually before him. He loved to magnify it, to invent new and imaginary problems of a more dignified kind, in order to solve, by their aid, the problem which really exercised his conscience and his will. The ancient Gnostics invented long processions and emanations of dim, divine personalities, in order to avoid what they regarded as the desecration of bringing the original Creator into too close a contact with our material and impure world. But the modern Gnostic does not invent divine pleromas and processions of gods. He mingles curiously Agnosticism with Gnosticism, and professes only to refine and manufacture his own humanity till it attains an exaltation or springs to a sort of power, both intellectual and moral, previously unknown. The modern Gnostic is sometimes a theosophist. He professes to purify and exalt the spirit of man by his rites, till he can exchange the humble position of a finite being who stands in need of grace to keep him from falling into sin, for the proof-armor of an intellectual and moral magic by which man is qualified to rise to a position above ordinary frailty—the position of a Mahatma. Now, all this was totally foreign to Tennyson. Nothing is more characteristic of him than the humility of his philosophy. He loved to see man exactly as he is, and to "turn to scorn with lips divine" the falsehood of magnificent pretensions. The whole motive of "The Palace of Art," for instance, is to paint the folly and misery of superfine intellectual pretensions. He no more undertook to rehabilitate man by degrading God to the position of a demiurgus, than he undertook to exalt man by in-

itiatory rites or by ascetic feats above the ordinary frailties of humanity. He accepted man as he is, and God as he is revealed in Christ. He saw, it is true, that there are difficulties which in our present state we cannot surmount, even in the Christian revelation. But it certainly never occurred to him to attenuate these difficulties by setting deliberately an inferior and subordinate divine being between man and the most High God. The whole of his poetry bears witness against any such notion. It is poetry of which humility is the most prominent, as well as the most touching, feature. The sentences on which Mr. Knowles lays so misleading an emphasis, were, in our opinion, imaginative modes of stating the difficulties of moral evil, not in any sense solutions of those difficulties. He insisted again and again that man could only walk by faith; that if he would insist on knowledge, he could not walk upright at all; and, beyond all question, the faith by which he walked was the faith that God had entered into the conditions of our human lot in the life of Jesus Christ. He expressed this conviction not only in "In Memoriam," in many parts of which he deals with the incidents of Christ's life—for instance, with the resurrection of Lazarus—in the spirit of the most humble faith, but in his latest poem, "Akbar's Dream," the publication of which was really posthumous. And it seems to us about as reasonable to throw any serious doubt on this belief, on the strength of such occasional paradoxes as Mr. Knowles records, as to attribute to Professor Huxley a serious conviction that Providence is playing a great game of chess with man, because he has so for a moment represented the inexorable laws of nature in one of the most effective of his lay sermons. Tennyson no doubt talked freely to his friends of the theological difficulties he could not surmount; but we do not think that these premature confidences and isolated scraps of his conversation, which Mr. Knowles has preserved for us, should have been given in this raw condition to the world. They are not at all likely

to promote that full understanding of the man, for which we may look whenever his son's memoir of him shall appear.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.

IT has been suggested to me that, at the present time, when Russia is again stretching her long cuttlefish arms towards the frontiers of Afghanistan, and when the Amir Abdur Rahman Khan has been invited to confer with the British commander-in-chief at Jalálabad, it would be of great interest if I were to give the public some reminiscences of this Eastern potentate, so that Englishmen might understand what manner of man he is, and whether it is his firm purpose to throw in his lot with the English in the struggle between England and Russia for supremacy in Asia, a struggle which is inevitable, however long it may be delayed by forbearance, discretion, and energetic preparation. I have indeed little to say that is new. I have never seen the amir since the 11th of August, 1881, when, at the close of long and anxious negotiations, after his recognition as sovereign of Afghanistan, he was received in state under the walls of Kábul by General Sir Donald Stewart and myself, and immediately after the interview we left to overtake the army which had already commenced its homeward march. I had not the opportunity of meeting him when, some years later, he visited Lord Dufferin at Rawulpindi, and, beyond a few formal and friendly letters, I have had no further communication with him. I am thus in a less favorable position for appreciating any change in the temper and policy of the amir than any of those officers who conduct the present relations of the government with Kábul. But, on the other hand, the negotiations which ended with his acceptance as ruler of Afghanistan enabled me to form a very good idea of his character and disposition, while there is nothing to indicate that Abdur Rahman has in

any important particular changed his policy. The estimate which I formed of him and reported to the government of India, after my first interviews with him at Zimma, that he was a man of great sagacity, ability, and resource, the best and most energetic of all the Barakzai family, has been justified by the history of the past eleven years. Even should Abdur Rahman now lose his hold of power, which I do not believe, and fall, overwhelmed by his enemies, he would leave behind him a record second to no Oriental prince of this generation for courage, determination, and knowledge of the best methods of holding his turbulent countrymen in subjection. It is not to be pretended that the principles of domestic policy which commend themselves to the amir are such as the sentiment of western Europe would approve. They are harsh, rapacious, and cruel. They take little account of the lives and property of the people, and require an absolute obedience to the ruler, who asserts and possibly believes that he holds his throne by divine right, forgetting that he was a Russian refugee whom the British government found it convenient to adopt. But the drastic methods of the amir and his constant appeal to the sanctions of the scaffold are probably the only means by which the wild independent Afghans can ever be moulded into a homogeneous people possessing sufficient national consistency to resist foreign pressure or attack. Before the somewhat savage administration of the amir be criticised unfavorably, it is necessary to understand the nature of the people with whom he has to deal, and the results which he desires to attain.

Of all the races with which the English have come in close contact, the Afghans are the most uncivilized in nature and grain. They are fierce, bloodthirsty, fanatical, and treacherous; their good qualities are of the elementary, domestic kind, and their highest virtue is courage, which they possess in a conspicuous degree. They are uncivilized in the sense that they are without any national cohesion or responsibility.

Each man is independent of his fellows, and rejects the authority of even tribal chiefs. No doubt there are, in every clan or tribe, men of prominence for their wealth, or prowess, or cunning, who command a certain following. But their influence is personal and temporary, and vanishes as quickly as it has sprung up. In some quiet Utopia where the individual might be allowed to develop in peace, this intense individuality might be no disadvantage. But it is otherwise in a country like Afghanistan, torn with intestine discord and jealously regarded by powerful neighbors. The only chance for a continued national existence is to find a ruler like Abdur Rahman, who may force his people into an unaccustomed mould and teach them, by the most summary procedure, that their first duty is to the State rather than to themselves and their families. Until this primitive lesson be learned, no people can emerge from barbarism and join the community of reasonable men. Maharaja Runjit Singh taught this to the Sikhs, who were almost as independent and lawless as the Afghans, and made of them a powerful and disciplined nation of soldiers. This is what the amir is trying to do with his subjects, but the difficulty is greater owing to the hatred and jealousy existing between the tribes, which keep up blood feuds with a ferocity even Corsica would fail to understand. When we were in Afghanistan we found it almost impossible to negotiate with any compact body of tribal chiefs, either in the Kohistán, Kábul, Jalálabad, or Ghazni districts. Each chief had different interests and had to be approached separately, while it was difficult to ascertain how far the authority of any one was recognized by the tribe or clan of which he professed to be the leader. This democratic impatience of control is common to all the Afghans, and is the most striking national characteristic. The Biluch tribes, who inhabit the country to the south and south-east of Afghanistan, are as amenable to authority as the Afghans are the reverse. Their constitution is strictly aristocratic, and

they obey their hereditary chiefs so implicitly that they are far easier to control. Sir Robert Sandeman, who has lately died and whose loss is irreplaceable, for he was an officer of infinite merit, held the Biluch tribes in the hollow of his hand, by obtaining the confidence of the chiefs who looked up to him as their counsellor and referee, and if one rebelled and broke away he was overwhelmed by the united action of the others. But I very much doubt whether the English could ever govern northern Afghanistan with comfort or credit. There are no men of authority to act as buffers between the government and the people, and a responsible administration which had behind it a critical public, a free press, and newspaper correspondents, could not adopt the rules of conduct which the amir has found generally sufficient. It cannot be denied that Russia, which is almost as rough and uncivilized in its procedure as the present government of Kábul, and which is not encumbered by any of the *impedimenta virtutis*, such as conscience, publicity, or criticism, could keep the Afghans in far better order than we could pretend to do. Russia would carefully elaborate a revolt, in the most conspicuous place and the most dramatic manner, and would then suppress it with the utmost rigor; giving quarter to neither men, women, nor children. A few thousand victims, thus sacrificed, would produce so great an effect that the lesson would only have to be repeated at long intervals. That Russia deliberately plans *coups de théâtre* of this nature is well known to all students of her policy. As an example, we have the massacre of Geok Tepe, where the Tekke Turkomans were crushed, while, twenty years ago, the correspondence of the governors-general of Turkestan and Orenburg taught us that the phrase "to enlarge a programme," signified irritating a people into war in order to annex their country. But it is inconvenient for civilized governments to employ these forcible arguments as part of their ordinary procedure. When they do so occasionally or accidentally the effect is

considerable, for even unintentional vigor impresses the world. The most admirable and effective action of Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy was the bombardment of Alexandria, for no particular reason that we know of. But it immensely impressed the Oriental imagination, and without it the administration of Egypt under Lord Salisbury would not have been the splendid success which Europe has acknowledged. It is only northern and central Afghanistan proper to which these remarks apply. The people of western and southern Afghanistan are easy to govern, and Kandahár and Herát might be held without fear of popular revolt. Nor are the Tájiks and Usbegs, who form the industrious population of Afghan Turkestan, south of the Oxus, either warlike or fanatical. But there will never be any question of British interference beyond the Hindoo Khoosh. Should Afghanistan be ever divided as the result of a war between England and Russia, Turkestan and Herát would fall naturally to Russia, and Kandahár and Kábul to England. We should have the most thorny and unprofitable share of the partition.

But there is no occasion to discuss the division of Afghanistan while the present amir is on the throne, and remains a friendly ally and feudatory of England. For some time past, information has reached England that he is hard pressed by his insurgent subjects, and that his tyrannical administration had excited revolt in various parts of his dominions. Indeed, he has made these internal disturbances the excuse for postponing and endeavoring to altogether avoid a meeting with the commander-in-chief at Peshawar or Jelálabad, which had been suggested by the viceroy. But I have little doubt that Abdur Rahman will put down the present insurrection, which seems to have been more serious than usual, with the same success as has attended his military operations throughout his reign. Whoever the ruler of the country may be, chronic insurrection is the rule and not the exception, and in the hilly parts of the country, revenue is

never collected except by armed force. The dwellers in the plain country about Maidán, Loghar, Kábul, and Kandahár are, from the necessities of their position, much more punctual in their payments; but the Hazáras, against whom the present campaign has been directed, and who inhabit the wild and mountainous country between Ghazni and Herát, are exceedingly difficult of approach, and can offer a serious resistance to even disciplined troops. At the same time they have neither cohesion nor organization, and it is for defensive warfare in a mountainous country in which they are alone formidable. The subjection of the Hazáras may be a tedious and difficult business, but I see no reason to doubt that it will be successfully accomplished, in the same way as the amir reduced the Ghilzais, a more warlike tribe and infinitely better armed. A Berlin correspondent, telegraphing on the 15th November to a London journal, states that the Hazáras have obtained guns, probably from the Russians through Persia, and intend to continue their resistance, while the amir has been compelled to increase his attacking forces by eight thousand men. The rumor as to Russian guns is incredible, nor is it likely that the latest information on Afghan politics would reach us from Berlin; but the report is significant as showing the Continental opinion that the Russians are disposed to assist the enemies of Abdur Rahman. This opinion I believe to be correct, and I have little doubt that the attempts which have been made by Russia to enter into closer relations with the amir and which were very active during the reign of his uncle Shér Ali, have been received by him with extreme coldness, and that the Russian government fully understand that in the eventualities of the future he is to be regarded as a firm friend of England, and would see no attractions in a Russian alliance.

The question of the probable policy of the amir is a most important one to determine, for complications, which might at any moment become critical, may arise between England and Russia, as was the case at Penjdeh, in 1885,

when, if the government had not withdrawn from the position which they had pledged themselves to maintain, there would have been a declaration of war. So interesting is this question, and so much does it dominate the future relations between England and Afghanistan and determine the security of our strategic position on the North-west frontier, that it may be worth while to examine the reasons which seem to justify the opinion that the amir is constant to the British government, and deserves our continued encouragement and support. To do this it will be useful to refer to the reports of the confidential agents whom I sent, by the orders of the viceroy, to interview Abdur Rahman after he had left Russian protection at Tashkend, and had crossed the Oxus into Afghan Turkestan, and compare them with my own estimate of his intentions and sentiments towards Russia, formed after lengthened conversations with him.

So far as I can judge, the policy of the amir has been generally in accord with what he frankly declared before he came to the throne. When I first met him he might have been described as a moneyless adventurer. The great mass of the nobles were opposed to him. His motley followers were badly clothed and badly armed. The capital was occupied by a powerful British army; and yet Abdur Rahman met me, on the important occasion which was to decide his future, with a frankness, equanimity, and, indeed, indifference to good or evil fortune, which was singularly engaging. He was so far unlike his countrymen that he seemed too proud to lie or equivocate even to obtain an advantage for himself. Nor would he say a word against the Russians or profess any enmity towards them; although a weaker man might have thought that this would be the best way to ingratiate himself with his English hosts. On every question, whether of the administration of his country, its foreign policy, the division of Afghanistan and the severance of the southern and eastern portions from Kábul, the amount of the subsidy and

arms he was to receive, or the expulsion of hostile or doubtful chiefs, he delivered himself with a directness and vigor which bore the impress of truth, and from that day to this I have never found in his policy anything inconsistent with the assurances he gave us previous to his accession.

There are many points to which the English government may doubtless take exception in the conduct and procedure of the amir, but these are all capable of explanation. In the first place it might be fairly argued that his action was unfriendly in the constant intrigues which he has been carrying on to extend his influence over the tribes and khanates on the British border, which have been over and over again declared to be beyond the Afghan sphere of influence. In Chitral, and Swát, and Bajour and Yassin, and with the tribes of the Khyber, he has more or less intrigued, and some plain speaking has been necessary to compel him to restrain his encroaching hands. Too much importance must not be attached to incidents of this character. It is to be remembered that the whole of the Punjab, inclusive of Kashmir, was at one time subject to Afghan supremacy, and that in our very last battle in the Punjab, at Gujerát, in 1849, an Afghan contingent was present to share in the spoils of the anticipated victory. It was only seventy years ago that the Afghans were finally expelled from Kashmir by Maharaja Runjit Singh. It was not till 1836 that they were driven from Peshawar after a pitched battle in which Sirdar Hari Singh, the most illustrious of the Sikh generals, was slain. Thus, by sentiment and tradition, the amir of Afghanistan has a direct connection with the Punjab, and he doubtless considers that the Afghan tribes on the border, belonging to his race and creed, should properly be counted amongst his subjects, although the truth is that these wild tribes have never given their allegiance to any ruler of Kábul. Our good and trusty ally, Amir Dost Muhammad Khan, who rendered excellent service during the Mutiny, was just as fond as



Abdur Rahman of encroaching on the border, and Lord Lawrence, who then governed the Punjab, had to address him more than once on the subject in peremptory fashion. The treaty of the 30th March, 1855, between the British government and Amir Dost Muhammad Khan recognized that chief as ruler of Kábul and all those neighboring districts then in his actual possession; but his claims to the Afghan khanates above mentioned, were repudiated and denied both in 1857 and 1858. But these tribes are quite able to take care of themselves even if they had not the British government to back them. Take the Afridis of the Khyber Pass, for example; they have always been accustomed to declare that they have seen kings come and go through their mountains, but had never themselves paid homage to any monarch, and to emphasize their boast they plundered the baggage of Amir Sher Ali Khan the last time he passed through their country.

The second matter susceptible of improvement is in the tone which the amir has ordinarily assumed towards the British government since he was nominated by them as sovereign, and which should never have been tolerated for a moment. Instead of his attitude being that of a man under immense obligations to the government for everything he possesses and enjoying large subsidies by means of which he maintains his position, he has habitually adopted a *de haut en bas* style which has been particularly aggravating to the Foreign Office at Calcutta. To expect an Afghan to feel gratitude was, of course, ridiculous, and in my first interview with him he was very careful to point out that he considered that in making him the offer of the throne we were only trying to shift on to his shoulders a burden which we were unable any longer to carry ourselves. This was, of course, the true position, and Abdur Rahman was too frank to pretend to ignore it. At the same time, in subsequent correspondence a respectful style should have been insisted on.

Another subject of complaint has

been the relentless manner in which the amir has hunted to death or exile all the chiefs against whom he had a grudge, although many of them were known to be friends of the English, and had been specially commended by me to his kindness and protection. But this recommendation we, unfortunately, were unable to enforce. Our retirement, owing to political exigencies, was so hasty and so complete, no influential representative of the British government being left behind at Kábul, that we were unable to assure the safety of our friends, a great number of whom found it convenient to leave Afghanistan with us, and their vast following of women, children, and retainers largely added to the difficulties of the retiring army. Of those who remained behind, all whom the amir considered to have been hostile to himself or to his father, or to his branch of the family, were ruined. This is ever the curse of a temporary occupation, especially in barbarous countries. As it was in Afghanistan so will it be now in Uganda should the government decide to withdraw from the position which they have taken up. All the friends of England will be massacred, and English influence in central Africa will disappear.

But the amir is not to be too harshly blamed. He knew his enemies and his friends very well; and his long residence at Tashkend and Samarkand, where he brooded over his misfortunes, only quickened his desire for revenge. The Afghan has a very tenacious memory for injuries, and he never fails to avenge them should an opportunity occur. The disgrace of the ruin of our Afghan friends rests not with the amir, but with the government of India.

Our last grievance, which, though a serious one, is quite capable of being removed by negotiation, is the heavy and almost prohibitive customs duties which are imposed upon British merchandise, and cripple our trade with Afghanistan and a great portion of central Asia. If we had not been in so great a hurry to leave Afghanistan, and if a comprehensive treaty had been entered into with the amir, we could easily

have provided that only reasonable duties should be imposed, and our commerce through the Bolan and the Khyber and the Gumal Passes would, in the past ten years, have been multiplied many times.

The idea of selecting Abdur Rahman, the son of Azim Khan and grandson of Amir Dost Muhammad Khan, as the ruler of northern Afghanistan, exclusive of Kandahár and Herát, had been considered and approved by Lord Lytton before it was known for certain that he had left Russian territory, and the sagacious policy of the viceroy in this selection, and the admirable manner in which it was developed by him and his accomplished foreign secretary, Sir Alfred Lyall, has never received sufficient acknowledgment. The idea was a bold and almost an audacious one, and, although exceedingly difficult of accomplishment, it was eminently successful. The viceroy was aware that Abdur Rahman had been willing, when Sher Ali was still on the throne of Kábul, to coalesce with Sirdar Sher Ali, of Kandahár, and oust the reigning amir, on the basis of the sirdar ruling western Afghanistan, and Abdur Rahman himself taking Kábul and Turkestan. Sirdar Sher Ali, who was then loyal to the ruling prince, declined the overtures, and the Russians becoming aware of them, and not willing to permit Abdur Rahman to compromise them at a time when they were not prepared for action, removed him from Samarkand to Tashkend. The viceroy, however, thought that on this basis an arrangement might be made with Abdur Rahman, and I was instructed to open negotiations with him to this effect. If private communications were found insufficient or impracticable, the viceroy was prepared to despatch a mission, consisting of prominent sirdars, to Tashkend, to offer him the northern provinces, believing that to an open mission of this character the Russian authorities could offer no objection, and would permit Abdur Rahman to accept it, hoping that they would have in him as friendly a ruler as could be found elsewhere. The first messenger whom

I sent with a letter to Abdur Rahman was a very intelligent friend of his, named Muhammad Sarwar, who was subsequently appointed governor of Herát. He left Kábul on the 2nd April, and arrived at Kunduz, south of the Oxus, where Abdur Rahman, who had already left Russian territory, was encamped. After remaining with him for several days, during which he had several interviews with the chief, he returned to Kábul, bearing a formal reply to my letter, together with verbal replies to the more important matters, regarding which the messenger had been instructed to make verbal representations. The information brought by this gentleman was of great interest and importance, but the only point which I am here concerned in elucidating, and to which I desire to refer, is the light thrown on the character of Abdur Rahman and his feeling towards Russia. He expressed his great satisfaction at the communication of the British government, and his friendly feeling towards the English, and he detailed with the utmost frankness the circumstances under which he had left Russian territory. He said that for the first seven years of his stay with the Russians, they insisted on his holding absolutely no communication with Afghanistan, on the plea that they were under treaty obligations with the English to abstain from interference with Afghanistan. Subsequently they informed him that Amir Sher Ali had formed friendship with them, consequently they could not permit him to disturb the equanimity of their friend. When Sher Ali attacked Maimena, he again begged permission to leave, but was refused. Thus treated, at the death of Sher Ali, he contemplated making his escape secretly. Before his plans were matured, the Russians heard of his intentions, and removed him and his family to Tashkend. When the telegraphic news of the deportation of Yakub Khan by the English was received, General Kauffmann was at Orenburg. His secretary at Tashkend sent for Abdur Rahman and said, "You have always been anxious to re-

turn to your country. The English have removed Yakub Khan to Hindustan; the opportunity is favorable; if you wish to go you are at liberty to do so." Abdur Rahman replied that he would think the matter over, but some three days later the secretary sent for him and said, "What are you thinking about? Why don't you go? If you fail, it does not matter much; you can return to us and your present allowances. You will not again get such an opportunity. If you wish to go, go now; you surely will be able to drive out General Ghlám Hyder, and establish yourself in Turkestan." Abdur Rahman repeated that he had no arms, horses, material, or money. It was finally arranged, after communication by wire with General Kauffmann, that he should be supplied with two hundred rifles and one hundred rounds of ball ammunition per rifle, with accoutrements for one hundred foot and one hundred mounted men. He was further presented with five thousand Bokhara tillas (about thirty-three thousand rupees). This sum and the money he originally had, together with what he had contrived to save out of his allowance, was all that he started with. Abdur Rahman spoke of the Russians in a friendly manner. He asserted that he had entered into no written or secret engagements with them, nor was bound by oath or promise, but he had enjoyed their hospitality for twelve years and would be unwilling to fight against them.

With regard to the amir's sentiments towards the English, the messenger reported that Abdur Rahman observed, "What could I desire better than to be the servant of so liberal and powerful a government as the English? All that has gone wrong in Afghanistan is owing to the ignorance and treachery of the people and their rulers; the English are not to blame. I have written to my friends in Afghanistan, telling them that to oppose the English is to work their own ruin. The English are a long-suffering, peace-loving people, true to their word. I know that they do not desire to annex Afghanistan. God will

ing, better times are in store for us and our country." The negotiations thus opened by Sarwar Khan were continued by the dispatch of a mission of three native gentlemen of rank, two of them, Sirdar Muhammad Afzal Khan and Ibrahim Khan, of my personal staff, and Sher Muhammad Khan, a cousin of the amir, who were sent to Khána-bad, where the chief had now arrived, to formally offer to him the throne of northern Afghanistan. Their adventures and reports are very interesting reading, but the limits of an article do not permit me to dwell upon them. They were exceedingly struck with the character and appearance of the amir, whom they represented to be a man of forty years of age, in good health, patient, energetic, and intelligent. He conducted all business himself, drafted all important letters with his own hand, and was personally conversant with every detail of business. He had begun to feel his strength. A large number of the population had joined him, and his conciliatory manner had made many friends. The merchants were discontented, as each one was compelled, according to his means, to subscribe to the necessities of the army. He again spoke freely of his relations with the Russians, and declared that he would never consent to their interference in his country. The independence of Abdur Rahman, and his indifference to the opinions of others, very much struck the mission. Ibrahim Khan wrote to me as follows: "Abdur Rahman in public is gentle, reserved, and dignified. The etiquette and style of his durbars resemble those of Amir Muhammad Yakub Kushbegi of Yarkand, the Khokand chief, and the amir of Bokhara. Although his procedure at first, for obtaining a hold over the country according to Muhammadan rites and customs, is most profitable, yet, in my opinion, if Abdur Rahman persists in this line for any length of time he will disgust the elders of the country and the military officers, and they will not put up with him. Hitherto it has been a practice of the rulers of Afghanistan to freely take into confidence, and to be largely guided

by, the advice of the principal and influential chiefs and elders. Abdur Rahman is acting according to his own ideas, and persons desirous of offering advice are put aside with soft words. In my opinion Abdur Rahman possesses great ability for ruling efficiently and maintaining peace in Afghanistan, but he will invariably persist in raising objections to the terms of any treaty engagements. He will strictly act in his own interests. At present he is probably listening to Russian advice, because they have no demands to make on him and are giving him advice with the object of securing him territorial advantages from our government, which is at present crippling Afghanistan by the separation of Kandahár and other places. Hereafter should the Russians ever demand of him a site for a military cantonment, or for any other purpose, the probability is that he will fail them."

This estimate of the amir's character was a singularly correct one. My own impression, formed after the interviews at Zimma, at which the negotiations for the assumption of the amirship were finally arranged, was an exceedingly favorable one. Abdur Rahman, though then only forty years of age, appeared nearly fifty. Exile, sedentary life, and the hardships of his early manhood had prematurely aged him. At the same time, he was of most courtly manners, great vivacity and energy, a strong sense of humor, and a clever and logical speaker. It was impossible to doubt that he was both a powerful and an intelligent man, with enormous self-confidence and an infinity of resource. I thought him then, and I still hold him to be, one of the most remarkable of Asiatic statesmen. The difficulties of the administration of Afghanistan are not known or appreciated in England; and although the amir has made many mistakes, and his self-confidence and headstrong conceit have often led him astray, yet, take him as he stands today, he is indisputably a ruler of men, and infinitely superior to the crowd of candidates for the throne of Afghanistan who were pushed aside when he appeared on the scene. When the amir

was selected, these had been tried and found wanting, and had been one by one rejected, and Lord Lytton saw clearly that no one of them could hold his own without the support of British bayonets. The first was Sirdar Wali Muhammad Khan, son of Dost Muhammad Khan and governor of Kábul, a delightful old man, of fine presence and polished manners which presented an agreeable contrast to the rough bearing of the majority of Muhammadzai sirdars, but he had little authority in the city and none six miles beyond it as he himself admitted. Sirdar Ibrahim Khan, son of the late Amir Sher Ali Khan, had a terrible impediment in his speech and was a man of no ability or character, and had no party in his favor. Sirdar Muhammad Hasham Khan, nephew of Amir Sher Ali Khan, was at one time a popular candidate, but he was an empty-headed, intriguing young man, of no stability, although so wealthy that he had contrived to form a strong party in support of his claims. Musa Khan, eldest son of the ex-amir Yakub Khan, would have been a good candidate had he not been a child and weak in intellect. The best of all the candidates was Sirdar Ayub Khan, governor of Herát and younger brother of the ex-amir Muhammad Yakub Khan, a youth of twenty, who was reported to be both clever and energetic, and had a large following in Afghanistan. Several times during the negotiations, when Abdur Rahman endeavored to force our hand by preaching a religious war, and playing with cards up his sleeve while we played with ours on the table, I would have been willing to accept Ayub as amir, but the negotiations with Abdur Rahman, in spite of his suspicious conduct, eventually reached a happy conclusion, and Ayub Khan put himself out of court by his victory at Maiwand over an incompetent British general, to be himself in turn overwhelmed by Sir Frederick Roberts at the termination of his historic march to Kandahár.

The conduct of Abdur Rahman Khan during the negotiations exhibits his character in a very clear and striking

light. Nothing could better demonstrate his keen appreciation of his own self-interest, his unscrupulous method of gaining his ends, his determination to obtain everything that he could from the English, giving as little as possible in return. He thoroughly gauged the situation; and our public utterances had informed him that the British army was to retire from Kábul at the earliest opportunity, and that it would not delay its departure, even were no suitable candidate for the throne found. The certainty that if he accepted the amirship he would have to depend upon his own resources, without any support from the British army, was the determining factor in his policy. Afghanistan was weary of the war, though it had enriched and not impoverished the country, and the only thing that was desired by the leaders of all parties indifferently was to see the last of the English, although a large proportion of them must have speedily wished for our return. Abdur Rahman consequently considered that his most popular rôle, and that which would attract to his side the largest number of the fanatical population, was to pose as a religious leader, eager for the glory of Islam, and anxious that the infidels should have no part or lot in the disposition of a Muhammadan State. He consequently sent inflammatory letters to every person of importance, priest or noble, whom he thought he could influence, suggesting a *jehád*, or religious war, against the infidels, and preparing the country for a general uprising, unless satisfactory arrangements were made with the English. At the same time he had to profess a warm desire to come to terms with us, so as to prolong negotiations which he had not the slightest intention of breaking off. He marched with the utmost deliberation from the Oxus to the neighborhood of Kábul, the whole of northern Afghanistan becoming more and more excited and nervous as he approached. No one among the chiefs knew his intentions, and he was probably suspicious of those of the English. His adherents in Kábul assured him that we were only

drawing him into a trap, and that we would seize and deport him to India as we had done with Amir Yakub Khan. The policy of Abdur Rahman was obvious enough. He realized our difficulties, and thought that by delay he might obtain far more than by an apparent eagerness to seize the prize offered to him. The severance of Kandahár from Kábul was especially distasteful to him, as the chief who was to be its hereditary ruler, Sirdar Sher Ali Khan, was his enemy, and it had been due to his instigation and suggestion that the Russians had removed Abdur Rahman Khan from Samarkand to Tashkend. In this matter of Kandahár, fortune fought on the side of the amir, for Sher Ali, who was a thoroughly weak and incapable man, very similar to Sirdar Wali Muhammad Khan, governor of Kábul, collapsed when Ayub Khan defeated the British force at Maiwand. After this, nothing would have induced him to remain at Kandahár unless it were permanently occupied by a British army. This was a duty which the government had no desire to undertake. Kandahár consequently came under the authority of the new amir.

Many of the inflammatory letters of Abdur Rahman fell into our hands, for we had spies and paid agents all over the country attached to the households of many of the principal chiefs. Armed with these I was able to remonstrate with full effect, and, confronting Abdur Rahman with his own letters, presented him with what was literally an ultimatum, which, finding that further delay and hesitation were of no avail, he was wise enough to accept.

In this conduct, full of anxiety and embarrassment as it was to us at Kábul, I see nothing of which we could fairly complain. Abdur Rahman was playing for his own hand, and he not only wished to get as much as he could out of the English, but to secure his own position when we had left by representing himself as in no way a servant and nominee of the viceroy of India, but as chosen by the free voice of the people of Afghanistan to protect the coun-



try in the name of Islam against all infidel encroachments. The game, as played by the amir, was brilliant and audacious, although he carried it almost too far for safety; but his fortune was in the ascendant, and, retrieving his error in time, he was solemnly proclaimed as amir by the British government, and has ever since maintained his position successfully and with dignity as sovereign of a united Afghanistan, while remaining the subsidized feudatory of England, bound to subordinate his foreign policy to that of the government of India, and, so long as he shall observe this engagement, guaranteed by that government against foreign attack or interference. If it be thought that his disingenuous conduct during the negotiations was inconsistent with the opinion here expressed of his general frankness and honesty, it must be remembered that he had a most difficult part to play and that had he shown himself at the outset too dependent on the English he would have alienated his own fanatical countrymen.

These notes, fragmentary and incomplete though they be, may enable English readers to understand something of the character of the man on whose life and policy much depends. He has no Russian proclivities, for he knows the Russians too well to trust them. The object-lessons of Persia, Bokhara, Khiva and Khokand are before his eyes, and his chief desire is to prevent Russian interference with his country. Nor is he more anxious for the direct interference of the English. He knows, indeed, that we are well disposed to him and that we have no intention of taking Afghanistan, for we have twice left the country when annexation was easy and justifiable. But his pride and self-reliance are such that he only asks to be left alone, to govern after his own fashion. Should the day come when he will be compelled to choose between England and Russia, there is no doubt he will throw in his lot with the nation which has shown generosity and moderation in victory, and which he can trust to maintain, if it be possible, the independence of Afghanistan. But the

amir is inclined to forget that his position between two great and rival powers is not such as to permit him to remain in political isolation, playing one against the other and drawing large subsidies from England without performing any adequate service in return. Afghanistan is the most important outwork of our Indian Empire, and we cannot afford to allow it to remain closed to us as at present. We know very well what we want. First in importance may be placed an English minister at Kábul, with English officers as agents at Kandahár and Herát. With a strong amir their position would be perfectly safe, and no repetition of the Cavaghari episode need be feared. Secondly, we require the extension of the railway to Kandahár, and telegraphic communication between Kábul and Herát and British India. Lastly, we need the abolition of extravagant and prohibitive duties on British commerce. All these matters, though none of them would be palatable to the amir, are within the compass of negotiation. The question of the delimitation of the northern boundary of Afghanistan, Wakhán, Shignán, Roshán, and the Pamirs, cannot be discussed here, but to this the amir would offer no objection.

I think it is a serious mistake to have nominated the commander-in-chief in India to confer with the amir at Jalálabad or elsewhere. The latter will certainly avoid the meeting if he can possibly do so. The position of the commander-in-chief is such that his deputation seems almost a threat directed against Russia or Kábul, and the game of brag is one which it is not worth England's while to play. The amir will consider that his dignity is hurt by the choice of the envoy, and although, under great pressure, he may agree to an interview, much better results might be attained if a selected political officer, such as the commissioner of Peshawar, accustomed to diplomatic work, were appointed to conduct the negotiations. Force, or the show of force, should be kept in the background unless the display is certain to be effective.

What fortune has in store for Afghanistan it is difficult to prophesy, nor is it politically convenient to state too frankly the probabilities of the future. The amir is not an old and infirm man, but he suffers from gout and kindred diseases which often cause great anxiety to his friends. Moreover, in Afghanistan, it is hardly the fashion to die in one's bed. But if the British government believes that the time has come when secret understandings and private arrangements may be put aside as unsuitable, and makes with Afghanistan a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance, guaranteeing the succession of the amir's selected heir in return for the concessions enumerated above, I do not think that the future need contain for us any unpleasant surprises. It is quite certain that we do not desire again to occupy Afghanistan; it is equally certain that if we occupy we shall have to annex. Without permanent and irrevocable annexation we should not have a friend in the country; for loyalty to us cost our friends of the last campaign their lives or their fortunes, or both.

While this article has been passing through the press, considerable attention has been directed towards the little Hill State of Chitral, where the ruler, Afzul-ul-Mulk, has been killed in a conflict for the succession by his uncle, Sher Afzul, while the latest reports assert that Nizám-ul-Mulk, a brother of the deceased prince, has defeated the forces of Sher Afzul, the usurper, and has gained possession of Chitral, Sher Afzul taking refuge in flight.

The special interest attaching to these incidents is supposed to be found in the interference of the amir of Kábul in Chitral affairs, and his support of the usurper, Sher Afzul, with an armed Afghan force. It is also alleged that Sher Afzul hails from Badakshán, and that consequently he may be fairly suspected of Russian prepossessions.

I would merely venture to observe that the obscure quarrels of a remote Hill khanate are of very little importance, and they are certainly not deserving of the attention which has been

accorded to them. Nor is there any sufficient reason to believe that the Russians or the amir directly instigated the usurpation of Sher Afzul, though a few Afghans were probably enough found amongst his followers. Abdur Rahman is not at all likely to have compromised himself by any direct intervention. If he has been intriguing a little in Chitral politics, this is quite in accord with the ordinary procedure at Kábul, and no sensible government would pay much attention to it. In the old days, when Sir Henry Davies and Sir Robert Egerton were lieutenant-governors of the Punjab, and I was secretary to their government, it was the fashion, following the policy of Lord Lawrence, to leave these petty khanates severely alone. Chitral was then governed by a truculent old scoundrel, known as Amán-ul-Mulk, but fairly well disposed to the English. I have letters from him now in my possession, written in the most friendly, and, indeed, cordial terms. He was at that time far more nervous of the maharajah of Kashmir than of the amir of Kábul, but he was quite content to be left alone, confident of the ability of his people to hold their own against all comers. His death has been followed, naturally enough, by the usual squabbles, and peace will only be established when one of the claimants, whose legal rights are practically equal, shall have established conclusively his claim by superior force. It matters very little who succeeds. Nizám-ul-Mulk, who is really the elder son of Amán-ul-Mulk, and who is now said to have expelled his uncle, is mentioned in the papers as hostile to England; but this is probably incorrect. He, like all his race, only asks to be left alone; and, certainly, in 1886, he was very eager to proceed with his men for the relief of Sir William Lockhart, though his gallant intentions were unnecessarily snubbed by the British resident in Kashmir. I would protest strongly against the policy of trying to connect the amir of Kábul with every trivial dispute on the North-West frontier, which in the old days we should hardly

have thought of telegraphing to Calcutta, far less to London. The telegraph and special correspondents give to a place like Chitral a wholly exaggerated and factitious importance. There are many soldiers and military diplomatists in the service of the government of India who are anxious for a forward policy, and who exaggerate every doubtful incident precisely in the same manner as we complain of Russian officers aggravating the situation on their border. A strong government at Calcutta should keep these gallant but indiscreet spirits in check, remembering that Amir Abdur Rahman has behaved during the past eleven years in a loyal, friendly, and honorable manner; and it should shut its eyes to those of his personal defects which are somewhat unamiable, and refuse to allow its subordinates to worry him into an attitude of coldness or hostility.

LEPEL GRIFFIN.

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From The Spectator.  
WINTRY WATERS.

THOSE who care to forego the attractions of the dead and frozen surface of the London lakes, will find a strange contrast in the scene presented by the still living and moving surface of the London river. The tidal Thames has for the moment changed its nature. It is no longer the busiest of London highways, but a sub-arctic stream, deserted by man, whose place is taken by flights of wandering sea-fowl, and a weltering drift of ice. Day and night the ice-floes course up and down with the tide, joining and parting, touching and receding, eddying and swirling, always moving and ever increasing with a ceaseless sound of lapping water and whispering, shivering ice; while over the surface the sea-gulls flit in hundreds, sailing out of the fog and mist of London, skimming over the crowded bridges, or floating midway between the parapet and the stream. These children of the frost are fast becoming the pets of the riverside population, and bread cast from the bridges is the signal for a rush of

white wings, and a dainty dipping of feet into the water as the birds gather up the food, fearful, like Kingsley's petrels, that the ice should nip their toes. Should a larger portion than common alight on an ice-floe, the birds settle on the floating mass, with wings beating backwards like white butterflies, and guests, feast, and table alike travel up the river with the tide.

The scene beneath the bridges is, perhaps, to be equalled in London alone. But it serves to remind us that it is not on the frozen pools, but upon the still open and running streams that the spell of the frost exerts its most pleasing powers. There it adds as much new life and novel form as on the still water it destroys. It is hard to believe that the same powers have been at work on both. On the ponds and meres and slow streams the frost lays its hand and seals them like a tomb. As the ice-lips meet on the frozen bank, and nip the rushes fast, every creature that lived upon the surface is shut out and exiled. The moorhens and dabchicks are frozen into the ice, or leave for the running streams and ditches; the water-rats desert the banks, the wild-ducks have long gone, and only the tiny wren creeps among the sedges, or shuffles miserably among the tall bulrush stems. Even the fish are fast frozen into the ice, in which their bright sides shine like the golden carp on a tray of Chinese lac. Motion has ceased, and, with motion, sound, except that which Sir Bedivere heard by the frozen lake, "among the mountains by the winter sea" the whispering of

The many-knotted water-flags,  
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.

But there are hundreds of streams in the south of England which no power of frost can either freeze or stay; and it may be doubted whether even the glories of spring buds, or the richest growth of summer by their banks, can match the beauty of these wintry waters in a strong and lasting frost. Take, for instance, the lower reaches of the Itchen, one of the most beautiful of Hampshire streams, with clear, swift,

translucent waters springing warm and bright from the deep chalk that lies beneath the frozen downs. The river is so mild and full, that it runs like a vein of warm life through the cold body of the hills. Its water-meadows are still green, though ribbed across with multitudinous channels of white and crackling ice; and to them crowd plovers and redwings, snipe and water-hens, seagulls, field-fares and missel-thrushes, pipits and larks, and all the soft-billed birds in search of food. On and around the stream itself there is more life than at any time since the swallows left and the gnats died. That, at least, was the impression left on the writer's mind, when standing on one of the main bridges over the river below St. Cross, in the bright sunlight of New Year's day. Though the banks were frozen like iron, not a particle of ice appeared on the broad surface of the river. Two of the scarce eared-grebes were fishing and diving some fifty yards above the bridge, not altogether without fear of man, but apparently confident in their powers of concealment and escape. Coots and water-hens were feeding beneath the banks, or swimming, and returning from the sides to an osier-covered island in the centre. Exquisite grey wagtails, with canary-colored breasts, and ashen and black backs, flirted their tails in the shallows or on the coping-stones which had fallen into the stream. But the river itself was even more in contrast to its setting than the contentment of the river-birds to the pinched misery of the inhabitants of the garden or the fields. From bank to bank, and from its surface to its bed, the waters showed a wealth and richness of color, rendered all the more striking by the cold and wintry monotony of the fringe of downs on either side. As it winds between the frozen hills the bed of the Ichen is like a summer-garden set in an ice-house. However great the depth—and an eight-foot rod would scarcely reach the bottom in mid-stream—every stone and every water-plant is to be seen as clearly as though it lay above

the surface. For in midwinter this water-garden is in full growth. Exquisitely cut leaves like acanthus wave beneath the surface, tiny pea-like plants trail in the eddies, and masses of brilliant green feathery weed, like the train of a peacock's tail, stream out, in constant undulating motion, just beneath the surface. In other places the scour of the river has washed the bed bare, and the tiny globules of grey chalk may be seen gently rolling onward as the slow friction of the water detaches them from their bed. The low, bright sunbeams were still upon the water when, slowly and almost insensibly, from beneath the dark arches of the bridge, there glided out two mighty fish—not the bright, sparkling trout-lets of West Country streams, arrow-like and vivacious, or the brown and lusty denizens of Highland rivers, but the solemn and sagacious monsters which only such chosen waters as those of the Hampshire chalk-streams breed, fishes which would have done credit to the table of such prelates as William of Wykeham, trout that are known and familiar to every inhabitant, honored and envied while they live, and destined, when caught at last, to be enshrined in glass coffins, with inscriptions, like embalmed bishops. Six pounds apiece was the least weight which we could assign to the pair as they slowly forged up stream and lay side by side, the tops of their broad tails curling, and their fat lips moving, looking from above like two gigantic spotted salamanders among the waving fronds of weed.

Clearly in this water-world, the great change wrought on land by frost was still unfelt. The cold has no power beyond its surface; plants and fishes were unaffected. Yet on the bank, even at midday, the thermometer marked fifteen degrees below freezing-point, and at night a cold approaching that of Canada. The reason is not far to seek. The whole body of the river had maintained its temperature but little below that at which it issues from the chalk.

